

THIRTY CENTS

DECEMBER 13, 1963

THE SEARCH FOR MAN'S PAST

TIME THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Bernard Sayfier



ARCHAEOLOGIST
NELSON GLUECK

VOL 82 NO. 24

1963 U.S. \$1.00

'64 OLDS

WHERE THE ACTION IS!



Nothing was spared (including the horses!) Oldsmobile's spanking new F-85 Cutlass puts together more well-bred horses than you'll find at a bronc-bust! 290 of 'em (that's 95 more than ever before) teamed with a new variable-vane Jetaway transmission* that puts satin to shame for smoothness. Your choice of three Cutlass models—new hardtop Holiday Coupe, a Sports Coupe and a Convertible—all with bucket seats as standard equipment. Isn't it time you headed for your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's . . . and put your brand on a Cutlass? *Optional at extra cost

F-85 Cutlass



ANNOUNCING: THE NEW RONSON ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH FASTEST, LIGHTEST, MOST VERSATILE...

You'll never want to use a regular toothbrush again after brushing with the new Ronson Electric Toothbrush. It's the best way to brush your teeth and massage your gums. Here's why you owe it to yourself and your family to switch to Ronson, the best electric toothbrush of them all...

FASTEST — Ronson's brushing action is faster than any other electric toothbrush — over 11,000 full-power strokes per minute with complete safety to teeth and gums. While brushing, Ronson maintains its effective power while many other brushes lose substantial power, or stall.

UP-AND-DOWN BRUSHING ACTION — You get the up-and-down brushing most dentists recommend to clean teeth thoroughly, massage gums properly.

MOST VERSATILE...LIGHTEST WEIGHT...SAFE — The Ronson Electric Toothbrush is completely safe.

You have a choice of two low-voltage power sources, reduced house voltage (110 v.) by use of the Ronson exclusive Safety Coupler, or four standard batteries in the storage-carrying case. Ronson is the lightest because there are no batteries in the handle as with most other electric toothbrushes. This makes Ronson the most compact and gracefully contoured of all.

PRECISION ENGINEERED — The Ronson Electric Toothbrush is a precision dental instrument built for long, dependable service. Fully guaranteed.

POPULAR WITH THE FAMILY — Did you ever think you'd look forward to brushing your teeth or that children would brush without being told? That's what happens with Ronson...the electric toothbrush that gives your mouth the cleanest feeling, your teeth the brightest look, and your gums a tingling massage. \$19.95 (optional with dealer).



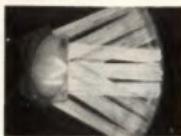
by the maker of famous Ronson Lighters

RONSON

Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N. J.
Also available in Canada.



Handsome storage-carrying case, with wall bracket, power handle, Safety Coupler, 5 volt coil-cord and four different colored brushes.



Over 11,000 full-power strokes per minute — dentally-correct up-and-down brushing action for proper cleaning and gum massage.



Ideal for teaching children good dental habits. Ensures dental health for the entire family.



LOW VOLTAGE COIL-CORD CARRIES 5 SAFE VOLTS FROM RONSON'S SAFETY COUPLER OR BATTERY CASE



Low voltage coil-cord also plugs into storage-carrying case which holds four standard batteries in the base.

The Personal Touch



Blues for the night...and daytime, too!

This is the focal point of the well-dressed man's wardrobe, your best fashion friend—the 'Botany' 500 Classic Blue suit. Elegantly and tastefully suited in blue you are ready for all but the most formal evening social events, the theater or dinner, a daytime date or that important, career-making business conference. Tailored in the classic tradition—smart, conservative, distinguished — this 'Botany' 500 Classic Blue lends dignity and an air

of successful achievement to your appearance. The dedicated Daroff Personal Touch—that passion for perfection in fabrics, styling, tailoring and craftsmanship—is your assurance of quality, comfort and good taste in 'Botany' 500 suits, outercoats, sport coats and slacks. The 'Botany' 500

Classic Blue in basket-weaves, sharkskins and other wanted fabrics is \$75.00 (slightly higher in the West).

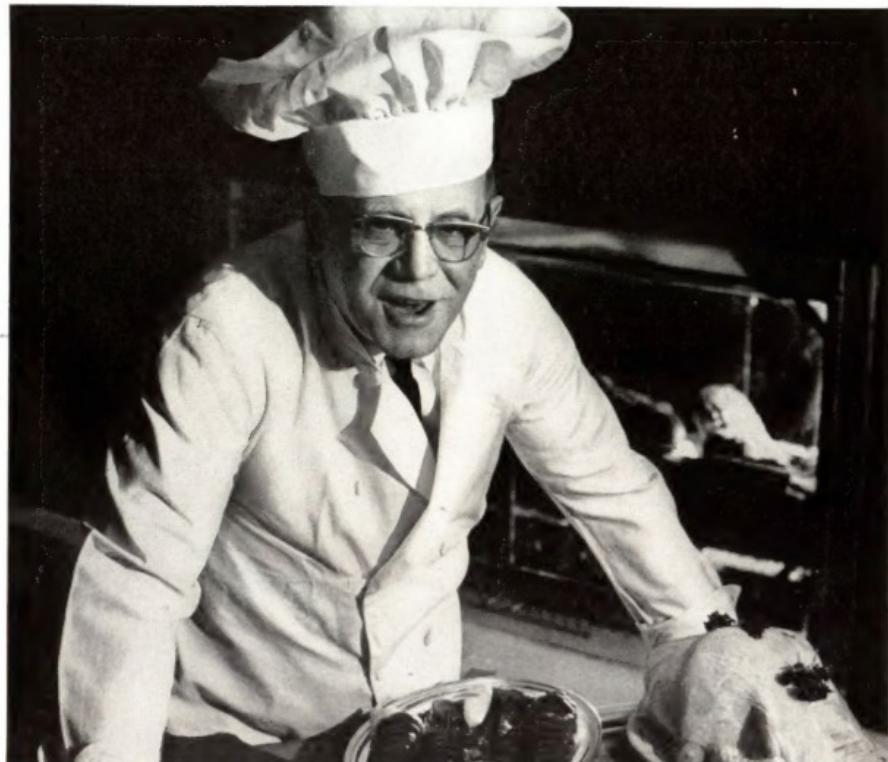


Send for the informative booklet "The Personal Touch" and the name of your nearest dealer.
Write H. Daroff, 2300 Walnut St., Phila. 3, Pa. Is subsidiary of Botany Industries.)

'BOTANY' 500®
TAILORED BY DAROFF

Sanitized® for Hygienic Freshness.

Look for this prestige seal



Austin Johnson owns a restaurant in Eau Claire, Wisconsin

"Life insurance? Let's change the subject!"

"But I'm glad we didn't... because this MONY man showed how it could even help me retire."



Austin Johnson talks it over with Ree Lasker

"I'm willing to talk," I told MONY man Ree Lasker when he dropped in for coffee, "but not about insurance!"

"I gave him one excuse after another. But his helpful approach changed my tune.

"What really impressed me was when he worked out a MONY plan to show what life insurance would do for me. Like building up cash values for my own retirement. And making sure my kids would have money for college.

"Then starting his plan helped me expand my restaurant! Getting credit at the bank was easier. Without Ree's help, I wouldn't have this place now.

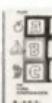
"I can't say enough about the help I've gotten from Ree Lasker... and from MONY."

MONY MEN CARE FOR PEOPLE.
They'll be glad to discuss both life and health insurance, and are well trained to work out a plan to help you. For more information about MONY insurance, mail coupon.

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Please send me your free,
easy-to-read booklet, "The
ABC of Life Insurance."



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STATE _____

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OCCUPATION _____

MONY HAS SERVED THE PUBLIC FOR 120 YEARS



*Christmas—21st century...
and you can still be writing with your
1963 gift: the Sheaffer LIFETIME® Pen*

On a 21st century Christmas shopping trip, you can select such presents as a portable visual-phone, a ring tape recorder, and a pair of camera-sunglasses. And you can still sign the tags with your 1963 gift...the Sheaffer LIFETIME Pen.

So nearly perfect, it's guaranteed for life.

There are 225 reasons why this remarkable pen can write so well years after you've received it; the 225 separate operations involved in its creation. The cautious, careful, painstaking attention to the flexible 14K gold point (90 operations alone!) shows itself every time you sign your name.

Perhaps these individual steps do take us an unusual amount of time. But then we always keep in mind how long someone close to you will be using the new Sheaffer LIFETIME Pen. Starting just seconds after you've given it this Christmas.

This modern pen fills quickly, cleanly, surely with a leakproof Skrip cartridge. Prices start at \$12.50. With matching pencil, \$20.00. Now in a night-blue gift box at your fine pen dealer's. Ask him for your free copy of "What will it be like—the 21st century?" with colorful descriptions of the inventions-to-be shown above. Or write W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa.

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SHEAFFER'S



Special Man? Special Gift!

One of the exciting new holiday packages from the Gold Label "Eleganza" collection. A perfect gift for the man who appreciates the superb flavor of rare vintage Havana tobacco. Presented in four "connoisseur" shapes...Cedarama, Palma Candela, Jaguar, Panatela Grande. From \$4 to \$16. At all fine tobacconists. **Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla.** World Leader in Luxury Cigars.

56 Proof, Blended Whiskey, 55% Grain Neutral Spirits © 1963 Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.



Soft Whiskey, plain.

If you're buying Calvert Extra for yourself, you may prefer it in the plain bottle. (It's just as soft in this one.)



Soft Whiskey, fancy.

For friends, you may prefer something a bit fancier—especially since the decanter doesn't cost you any extra.

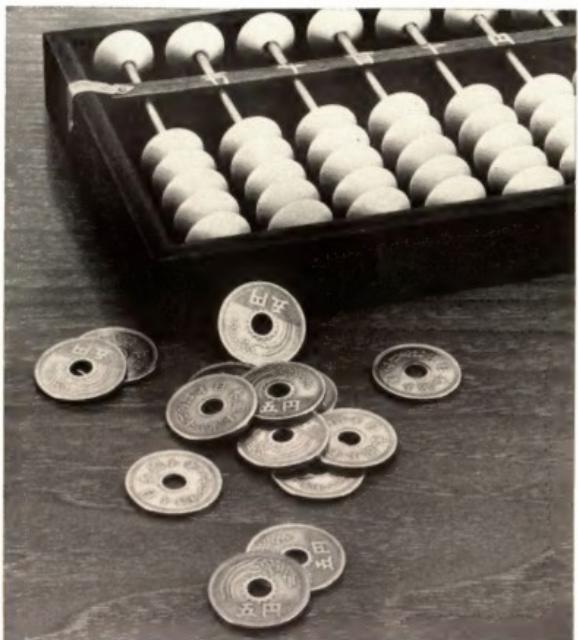
We could build his trainer by applying all of our experience on submarine and aircraft trainers, space suits, digital computers, life science projects and optical displays. We have built trainers that take submariners down deep, through every undersea maneuver and hazard imaginable, miles from the nearest salt water. We wrote the specifications for the F-105 trainer. Pilots fly it at 50,000 feet and 1400 miles per hour, in a quiet little room. And for years we've been researching the problems related to space trainers such as those that will be needed for NASA's moon shot and other space voyages. The men who design these trainers first project themselves into the vehicle, in the

alien environment, and anticipate every conceivable hazard. Then they make a mathematical model of the vehicle and its mission. They program logic circuits for every event including errors and breakdowns—every sight, sound, touch and smell—the crew might encounter. They build a working duplicate of the control center, complete. And finally they add a console where an instructor can put the crewmen through the journey over and over again until every single detail of it becomes routine. When it comes to training people for survival in hostile environments, Republic knows its business. Even though all our experience so far happens to be with Earthmen. **REPUBLIC AVIATION CORPORATION**

**We could train a Martian to orbit the earth, land
a complicated vehicle, make scientific observations
and get back to Mars to tell about it.**



Republic Aviation Corporation, Farmingdale, Long Island, New York



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 11

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).[®] The temper of the Harlem Negro is examined through some of his leaders. Participants include Malcolm X, Harlem leader of the Black Muslims; Representative Adam Clayton Powell; and Whitney Young Jr., national executive director of the Urban League.

Friday, December 13

MR. MAGOO'S CHRISTMAS CAROL (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Mr. Magoo plays Scrooge in this animated version of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. Color. Repeat.

THE BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Guests are Bing Crosby, Janet Leigh, and Peter, Paul, and Mary.

Saturday, December 14

EXPLORING (NBC, 1-2 p.m.). The story of Lorenzo de Medici is told for children. Color.

Sunday, December 15

NBC CHILDREN'S THEATER (NBC, 3-4 p.m.). Orchestral music is explained by means of stories and illustrations. The program includes Prokofiev's *Cinderella* suite and selections from *Carmen*. Color.

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). Dramatization of the events in George Frederick Handel's life that led him to compose *The Messiah*, starring Walter Slezak and Maureen O'Hara. Color.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A look at the new SAC, as it adjusts to the era of missiles.

THE MAKING OF A PRO (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). New York Giant Quarterback Glynn Griffing, the young Mississippian, is the focus of this look at the quarterback's crucial role. Color.

Monday, December 16

BREAKING POINT (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Lillian Gish plays an aging actress who refuses to accept the death of her husband.

Tuesday, December 17

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests include Soprano Birgit Nilsson, Singers Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, and Pianist Lorin Hollander.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ, as adapted by Edward Albee from Carson McCullers' novella, reproduces the story's mood of Southern grotesquerie. Unfortunately, the play itself is wispy and intangible despite the strenuous acting efforts of Colleen Dewhurst and Michael Dunn.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK should probably insure its audiences with Lloyd's of London, just in case anyone dies laughing. Playwright Neil Simon's unpredictable wit, Mike Nichols' spry direction, and Robert Redford and Elizabeth Ashley's comic finesse as a pair of blissfully wacky newlyweds provide incessant merriment.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE, two tenderly playful one-acters by Peter Shaffer, examine the love of a sensitive lad fumbling toward a misconceived joy and a

* All times E.S.T.

TIME, DECEMBER 13, 1963

A FIAT NEW TO THE U.S.

You can see its lines—
but read between them!

The new Fiat 1500 Spider body's by Pininfarina.
Electrifying to the eye at a standstill or in
flight. She is almost sure to whisper—"Take me,
hold me, in your Spider's web!"

You live high in the brand new Fiat 1500 Spider—
without feeling like a wastrel. From zero to 60
in a wink—four speeds and reverse. Bucket seats,
disc brakes, every accessory, luxury.

But the tab for it all so small you almost feel
you're stealing every ride! 80 HP from
a 1481 cc engine does it all. Only \$2895*



always
have
at least
ONE

FIAT

*Suggested price p.o.e. New York.

DETAILS for THE TRUE BUFF. Polyvalent combustion chamber. Balanced cylinder arrangement ratios and improved overall distribution of stresses. Two-burret Weber Carburetor, inclined OHV system assures fast power output. Constantly variable 4-speed transmission, featuring 1st, 3rd and top speed, synchromesh construction. Front disc brakes, lined drum rear brakes with self-entering shoes—fast, smooth action.

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...a most
provocative perfume!



LANVIN

the best perfume Paris has to offer

Purse size \$3; Spray Mist \$5;
Toilet Water from \$3; (plus tax)

drowning May-September marriage that needs artificial respiration to bring it back to life.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING, by Arnold Wesker, strafes, bombs and generally demolishes U and non-U types at an R.A.F. training base. The chief weapon is laughter, as Wesker admonishes the protés to stop kowtowing to their superiors as if they were superior.

THE REHEARSAL, Playwright Jean Anouilh achieves a stylish symbiosis of good and evil, in which the pure love of a young girl is subverted by a drawing-room coterie, which in turn finds that it can no longer treat love as a game.

Off Broadway

CORRUPTION IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, Playwright Ugo Betti finds a tiny glint of light in the tarnished soul of a corrupt justice and gives it a chance to shine after a suffocating night journey through the earthly kingdom of evil.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK blinks rather amusingly through the crocodile tears of Dion Boucicault's 19th century melodrama. The singing voices in this lively medley can have near-perfect pitch, and the spoofing is stylish.

CINEMA

HIGH AND LOW. In modern Yokohama, a kidnaper bungles his attempt to nab a wealthy shoemaker's child. And Director Akira Kurosawa demonstrates that all it takes is genius to transform a routine suspense yarn into fascinating drama.

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY. To brighten the season, Santa's Helper Walt Disney presents Tao the cat, Bodger the bull terrier and Luath the Labrador retriever making their way home across 250 miles of rough Canadian terrain, and straight into the affections of the young-at-heart.

NIGHT TIDE. The age-old legend of the mariner and the mermaid brought up to date by Writer-Director Curtis Harrington, whose offbeat first feature turns a Venice, Calif., amusement park into a mystical land of Edgar Allan Poetry.

KNIFE IN THE WATER. In this deft Polish thriller, two lusty men and one bikini-clad woman go out on a sloop to sail—and Director Roman Polanski sets them tracking on a zigzag course between the Ego and the Id.

THÉRÈSE. A beautiful but bookish adaptation of François Mauriac's 1927 novel owes a lot to the pell-mell performance of Emmanuelle Riva (star of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*) as a bored young provincial wife who tries to do away with her husband.

TOM JONES. Albert Finney is Tom. Hugh Griffith is Squire Western. And Director Tony Richardson is the man responsible for wresting a movie masterpiece from Fielding's ribald classic about the "favourite Follies and Vices" of 18th century England.

BOOKS Best Reading

THE WANTING SEED, by Anthony Burgess. Taking overpopulation as his theme, Novelist Burgess has measured its possible effects in a gruesome cautionary tale of the future wherein infanticide, cannibalism and government-planned extermination are imperative for survival of the human race.

APOLLINAIRE, by Francis Steegmuller. An excellent biography separating fact

from the multiplying legends about the flamboyant French poet who was an early experimental voice in modern French poetry and the cultural midwife of the cubist movement in painting.

THE FIRST DAY OF FRIDAY, by Honor Tracy. Although this light satire about an impoverished Irish vicar does not quite make it down the author's *Straight and Narrow Path*, it is still mad enough to make good reading.

GEORGE C. MARSHALL EDUCATION OF A GENERAL, 1880-1939, by Forrest C. Pogue. Ending with the general's appointment in 1939 as Roosevelt's chief of staff, this first volume of a three-volume biography seeks the hidden warmth in the man who baffled most by his icy reticence.

THE COLD WAR AND THE INCOME TAX, by Edmund Wilson. An ordeal by bureaucracy, which can be read with considerable sympathy until the author confuses his own small experience in income tax delinquency with the cold war and the space race.

DOROTHY AND RED, by Vincent Sheean. Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis were mismatched for 14 years. He drank like a fish; she harassed him by conducting stifling salons. She also recorded all the grim details in her diary, and whatever she missed Old Friend Sheean provides in a running commentary of his own.

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF DIEGO RIVERA, by Bertram Wolfe. The artist's life was like his murals: colorful, complicated and done on a grand scale. Though he was a loudly enthusiastic Communist for most of his life, his work was espoused by critics and capitalists rather than the masses, and Wolfe records every fierce conflict with both.

A SINGULAR MAN, by J. P. Donleavy. Graves, ghosts and cryptic portents of the Gothic novel transposed in Joycean prose to contemporary Manhattan, funny even when deadly serious.

THE HAT ON THE BED, by John O'Hara. As a novelist, O'Hara has lately faltered, but the more short stories he writes the better he gets, and this newest collection refracts with flawless skill the sights, sounds and thoughts of four decades of American life.

Best Sellers

FICCTION

1. *The Group*, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (2)
3. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes (4)
4. *Caravans*, Michener (6)
5. *The Living Reed*, Buck (3)
6. *The Three Sirens*, Wallace (7)
7. *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita*, Goddard (8)
8. *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Fleming (5)
9. *The Hat on the Bed*, O'Hara (10)
10. *City of Night*, Rechy (9)

NONFICTION

1. *The American Way of Death*, Mitford (1)
2. *Mandate for Change*, Eisenhower (5)
3. *Roscal*, North (3)
4. *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, Ogilvy (4)
5. *My Darling Clementine*, Fishman (6)
6. *Dorothy and Red*, Sheean
7. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (7)
8. *The Fine Next Time*, Baldwin (10)
9. *My Life and Loves*, Harris
10. *The Education of American Teachers*, Conam (9)

ROBERT ELSON: LONDON Bob Elson became a working member of the press at 17, when he joined the *Vancouver Province* as a copy boy. He managed to squeeze in some study at the University of British Columbia, but his real education, Elson says, "was largely on the job under a succession of ill-tempered city editors. Postgraduate work was under better-tempered and more gifted magazine editors, not only at *TIME* but at *LIFE* and *FORTUNE* as well."

Although born in Lakewood, Ohio, Elson spent most of his first 19 years in journalism working for Canadian newspapers. Canada's biggest chain of papers sent him to Washington as its correspondent in 1941. Two years later he joined *TIME* in New York, where his first assignment was to help set up the editorial operations of *TIME*'s new Canadian edition. In the years that followed, Elson held such top posts as chief of the Washington bureau, Assistant Managing Editor of *FORTUNE*, chief of *TIME*'s U. S. and Canadian correspondents, and General Manager of *LIFE*.

Father of two sons (for one see *TIME* masthead, Associate Editors) and three daughters, Elson took over the London bureau late in 1960. Both as a family man and as a correspondent, he considers it a perfect assignment.

"From the day in 1928 when I first saw London," Elson says, "I wanted to come back. For no assignment anywhere in the world matches London. Here in one area is a concentration of the political struggle which makes Washington fascinating, the amazing intrigue of international finance, and a showcase for the creative arts which has no equal. London is a news center with such endless variety that it never ceases to be exciting and important."

Elson's enthusiasm for London extends to *TIME*'s place in London life. "Here," he says, "*TIME*, The Weekly Newsmagazine is at the center of all that's happening. In Whitehall, in the City, in whatever part of London practitioners of the Arts gather, *TIME* is respected; sometimes damned, sometimes feared . . . but always respected."

TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine





The inside story of easy street living- 30 stories up!

Lofty new apartments from coast to coast are regenerating the slowed heartbeat of Downtown U.S.A. into dynamic new life. Architects and builders are bringing this glamorous easy street living within the economical reach of more and more people, with the help of an ever growing group of modern steel construction products.

For example, slim-lined Republic Steel Doors *create quiet*. They come with the built-in carefree maintenance-for-modernes that only steel can deliver: they can't warp, stick, or crack—ever. Apartment homemakers appreciate the velvet-smooth new FREEDOM Stainless Steel Windows, because the only care this metal-for-modernes window will ever need is a quick wipe to highlight its smooth surface. (Builders know that stainless *anywhere* virtually eliminates maintenance for the life of the building.) An ingenious new Republic product, lightweight, high strength Structural Steel Tubing, brings a slim, trim, appealing shape to things like patio supports and window mullions. Out of sight (but never out of the builder's mind) are such Republic products as High Strength Steel Reinforcing Bars. These, because of their higher strength, permit the use of smaller diameter bars, resulting in slimmer, less costly concrete uprights.

These are only a few of the newest of more than 500 Republic Steel construction products, including such cost-cutting dependables as colorful Steel Kitchens; long lasting ELECTRUNITE® Electrical Metallic Tubing (for wiring), Galvanized Sheet Steel (for ducts), Pipe (for plumbing and piping), Wire Products (for reinforcement and fasteners), TEXTURE-STAINLESS® Steel, High Strength Bolts. Any one of these cost-cutting products is evidence in modern steel that you can take the Pulse of Progress at Republic Steel.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

*A Trademark of Republic Steel Corporation

Lowboy console.



Highbrow stereo.



LONG AND LOW in silhouette, the Diplomat by Fisher is a connoisseur's choice for fine stereophonic high fidelity performance.

It contains six precisely-matched speakers (three for each stereo channel), a heavy-duty stereo power amplifier, a stereo master control unit, a sensitive AM-FM-Multiplex stereo tuner and a Garrard 4-speed automatic turntable with stereo cartridge and diamond stylus.

Any Fisher console stands apart from ordinary makes because Fisher is also the world's leading manufacturer of separate, professional-caliber high fidelity components. Fisher tuners, amplifiers and speakers have been the first choice of audio engineers and technically-informed

sound enthusiasts since the dawn of the high fidelity era. Your favorite FM station most probably monitors and relays its own broadcasts utilizing Fisher equipment. A Fisher console is simply a beautifully-crafted, acoustically-integrated piece of furniture with famous Fisher component designs built into it.

This is why the Diplomat II is one of the world's most advanced stereophonic high fidelity instruments even though it is one of the less costly Fisher consoles. You may choose from 10 basic models in 43 different cabinet styles and finishes priced from \$379.50 to \$2,795.

For your free copy of the 28-page Fisher Console Catalogue in color, please

write Fisher Radio Corporation, Box 1, Long Island City 1, New York.

Fisher Radio Corporation
P.O. Box 1001
Long Island City 1, N.Y.

Please send me, without charge, the illustrated color catalogue describing the complete 1964 line of Fisher stereophonic high fidelity consoles.

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



The Fisher

**YOU MIGHT NOT NEED ANY
OF THESE UP-TO-DATE
COMMUNICATIONS SERVICES
...BUT WOULDN'T YOU
LIKE TO KNOW FOR SURE?**



THIS MAN CAN HELP YOU FIND OUT!



He's your Bell Telephone Communications Consultant. He knows business problems and business communications thoroughly. He deals with them every day.

His one objective is to help you run your business more effectively—by making better use of communications or by improving them.

To do this, he studies your business routine and observes the "fit" of your present communications. This costs you nothing. If you need improvements, he'll tell you and sell you. But you can be sure that you'll need them—and that they will help you function more efficiently and profitably.

The first step is yours. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask them to have a Communications Consultant contact you.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Guess which one of the world's great airlines serves Canadian bacon with its scrambled eggs



Answer:
Trans-Canada Air Lines,
the airline with
more flights to more places
in Canada than all other
airlines combined.

(and the one that serves the best bacon!)

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES  AIR CANADA



"A gift...for me?
Great looking package.



It's from Pete.
Good ol' Pete.



Hey...Ballantine's Scotch.
Pete went all out!



Famous name—
Ballantine's.



Everyone says Ballantine's
is real good-tasting.



Wonderful.
Good ol' Pete."

People appreciate Ballantine's Scotch, bottled and gift-wrapped in Scotland.

This year you can give Ballantine's Scotch proudly in its handsome presentation package—gift-wrapped in Scotland. For even more bountiful giving, Ballantine's is available in matching packages of two fifths...or in single gift-wrapped quarts and (where legal) half-gallons.

Ballantine's—never heavy, never limply-light. Always the true and good-tasting Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.



Can you make a beautiful woman more beautiful?

(Give her a Norelco Beauty Sachet. You'll see.)



It's a lovely new surprise gift. Four beautifying attachments slip onto a handle which encases a motor. Makes it so easy to help a woman keep herself at her prettiest.



One attachment transforms the Norelco Beauty Sachet into an efficient grooming aid which whisks away hair quickly and gently. Neatens hairline at nape of neck.



Another attachment turns it into milady's personal manicurist. Shapes nails perfectly, automatically. Gives professional manicures and pedicures in mere minutes.



A quick change makes it a massager to help fight off those telltale lines, to tone up chin line. Perfect for facial cream applications and for applying cuticle-remover cream.



Slip on another attachment and the Beauty Sachet is a vibrator. Its invigorating action stimulates scalp. Relaxes taut muscles. Gives that feeling of *joie de vivre*.



What woman wouldn't love a Beauty Sachet? Why not be the man to give her one? So inexpensive—so glamorous.

New Norelco Beauty Sachet 25.50

THE AMERICAN NIKROU COMPANY INC., 100 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: In tribute to our late President, the man who loved peace and sought to bring peace among all nations, I nominate John F. Kennedy Man of the Year.

RABBI SIMON MURCIANO

Louisville

Sir: I suggest a combination Man of the Year, both named John: Pope John XXIII and President John F. Kennedy. Two men with one goal—world peace.

BERNARD A. CONWAY

Detroit

Sir: Jacqueline Kennedy took the native intelligence, adventurous courage and quiet bravery of the pioneer women of the old frontier and gave these attributes an elegant refinement. I nominate Mrs. Kennedy "Woman of the Year."

MRS. ROBERT CHARLEVOIX
Ontonagon, Mich.

Sir: Women of the Year: Mrs. Medgar Evers and Mrs. John F. Kennedy.

MRS. R. F. UREN

Bowling Green, Ohio

Sir: For 1963's Man of the Year cover I suggest three-year-old John-John saluting the coffin bearing his father's body. It would symbolize the eternal light, the resurrection of a new year, a new future, and new hopes in our children.

ALEX S. EINSTEIN

San Francisco

Sir: Lee Harvey Oswald—if your selection for Man of the Year is still the person who has most affected the world in the past year—for good or evil. In one terrible moment, Lee Harvey Oswald made a devastating mark on the pages of history.

DIANE MORRISETT

New Orleans

Sir: Officer J. D. Tippit, in saluting him you will salute all police officers.

R. BOURQUIN

Pittsburgh

Sir: I nominate for the Man of the Year Lyndon B. Johnson. The man who is now our President must face terrific odds. President Johnson is fortunately able to meet the challenge.

H. J. HOPPE, D.D.S.

Cleveland

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flying combat missions over Europe. At 18, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. Rufus Youngblood was already willing to lay down his life for his country even before he was a man.

ROBERT S. PICHIA
formerly Captain, U.S.A.F.
Alexandria, Minn.

► *Rufus Wayne Youngblood was not quite as young as Reader Picha remembers, but almost. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps at the age of 17 in 1941, telling the Air Corps that he was 18. As an aerial engineer he flew combat missions in B-17s over Brest, Romilly and Saint-Nazaire, earning a Purple Heart and an Air Medal. He was discharged as a second lieutenant in 1945 at the—finally admitted—age of 20.—Ed.*

Nehru's Sympathy

Sir: While assessing the reactions to the tragic assassination of President Kennedy, you stated, "Nehru could not resist remarking that the murderer gave evidence of 'dark corners in the U.S., and this great tragedy is a slap for the concept of democracy'" [Nov. 29].

Prime Minister Nehru did not at any time make this remark attributed by you to him. In fact, the Prime Minister on several occasions expressed shock and sincere sympathy. In a nationwide broadcast on Nov. 23, he said: "President Kennedy's passing away is a terrible tragedy for the world and our people. India share with him sorrow, the grief and general feeling all over the world, especially in the U.S. To the people of the U.S., who have lost suddenly and so tragically their great leader, we offer our respectful sympathy."

JANKI GANJU
Principal Press Attaché

Embassy of India
Washington

► *TIME erred. The remark was made by another Indian official and mistakenly attributed to Nehru because of garbled transmission from New Delhi.—Ed.*

Premarital Assignment

Sir: I can bet from now on that TIME's "The Presidency" columns will not be as lively as they have been since 1961.

I have all the back issues of TIME since October 1959, and I have vowed to make my fiancée read all of the issues beginning with a cover story on the Kennedys before our marriage.

SHUAIB MIRZA

Karachi, Pakistan

Pure or Impure?

Sir: I cannot say *merci* for your having ridiculed in your *número de novembre*, 29, the *campagne* now launched by the Académie Française to *éliminer* English *pu-roles* from the French *langue*.

If it makes a lot of *bon sens* to use English *mots* in French *vernaculaire*, then the *opposé* must also be *vrai*.

PIERRE BEAUDRY

Montreal

Sir: I agree with Professor René Etienne that the French language is a "treasure." I have been teaching this treasure for 27 years. But I cannot agree with him that English, which is also a treasure, could possibly violate and degrade *la langue*. On the contrary, I believe that borrowings in general tend to enrich and refine a language and that our treasure is having precisely this effect on it.

May I remind Professor Etienne that we have been speaking and writing "Frenglish" for some 900 years, since the

Norman Conquest. (The number of French-loan words in English is far greater than the number of English-loan words in French.) To my knowledge, we have never considered this a violation or degradation of our beautiful language, nor have we ever drawn up any black lists.

I thank Professor Alain Guillermou for his concern over my job, but I can only reply that I am not worried. I doubt that during the past nine centuries any French teacher of English has ever lost a job because of "Frenglish."

JAMES E. IANNUCCI

Chairman

Department of Modern Languages
Saint Joseph's College
Philadelphia

Sir: So, in the 17th century, France "purified" its language, striving for ultimate clarity and incorruptible syntax? I would be hooted out of the classroom if I were to tell my students that.

French is perhaps clear, but like all languages has its drawbacks. For instance, why isn't there a simple rule enabling a person to reason the gender of a noun? Why are there irregular feminine adjectives, exceptional rules for the formation of feminine adjectives, and exceptional rules for rendering nouns plural? Why are there three conjugations when one would do just as well? Why weren't the irregularities of irregular verbs ironed out? Couldn't verb endings be streamlined? In short, why are there exceptions that could be so easily brought into agreement?

These are questions for which I have been unable to find satisfactory answers to set enquiring minds at rest. The best I have been able to do is to point out that English is not free from idiocy and to mumble something about living languages.

JON M. BARCASKEY

Coraopolis, Pa.

Rime of the Ancient Prep School Boy

Sir: Re: the perishable poem you quoted about "Big Mac," Bundy [Nov. 15]. Twere just to note; 1) Groton, not the Harvard Lampoon, first found the mark. I wrote the ditty there in response to my sixth form history master whose wont it was to intersperse brilliant lectures on Toynbee with exhortations to excel à la Mac, "the school's brightest alumnus." It was later printed by the Lampoon; 2) you omitted the initial and final line ("This is/was the life of McGeorge Bundy") which a) enclosed the denouement, b) anchored the analogy firmly in the *corpus* of English literature ("Solo-mon Grundy"), and c) rendered the rime "cool."

A. E. KEIR NASH

Resident Tutor in Government
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

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THERE ARE STARS IN THE SKY AS WELL AS THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

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BANKERS TRUST COMPANY  New York

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 13, 1963 Vol. 82 No. 24

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Lyndon's Ways

Deep in thought, a former Kennedy aide strode through the White House toward the President's office, then stopped short. On a rack just outside of the oval office hung a big Stetson hat. Secretaries, pretty but unfamiliar, hustled around through the anterooms. The doors to the President's office, nearly always open when John F. Kennedy was there, were closed tight. Inside that office, as the aide well knew, was Lyndon Baines Johnson, probably at that very moment speaking softly into a green telephone.

Inevitably, a new order was being established. So far, Johnson has not tried to strike out in new directions, but to give new momentum to a course set by his predecessor. Yet, in tackling the policies and problems bequeathed to him, Johnson is also making it clear that he has his own way of doing things, and that his way is as different from Kennedy's as a Texas twang is from a broad "a."

Cyclonic Vigor. There are, of course, similarities. Like Kennedy, Johnson has plunged into the presidency with cyclom-

ic vigor. "He feels that he has to make the public aware of the man who's in the office now and to show them a man who looks like he can do the job," explained an aide. "Beyond that, he feels that his own Administration cannot afford to be anything less than energetic and productive."

Every morning last week the President left his French-style château, The Elms, at 8 o'clock, usually did not return until nearly midnight. Saturday morning he even took a brisk, 10-minute walk through his northwest Washington neighborhood before setting out for work, had a caravan of curious reporters and wary Secret Service men quickstepping with him.

Also on Saturday, with Jacqueline Kennedy and her children settling into a Georgetown house, Johnson and his family moved into the White House. "I feel like I have already been here a year," he told 30 newsmen over coffee in his office. Then he gave the newsmen word of a couple of important trips that are in the works. This week, he said, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara will visit South Viet Nam for the second time in three months, to review the war against the Viet Cong guerrillas. Next week Johnson will go to Manhattan to address the United Nations and "establish acquaintance" with the delegates there.

For the time being, though, Washington itself was keeping him busy enough. All week long, the President had more engagements than a Texas sky has stars, and he was concentrating especially on three major areas:

- **CIVIL RIGHTS.** Day after day, prominent Negro leaders such as James Farmer of CORE, and Whitney Young, executive director of the National Urban League, went to the White House to discuss the stalled civil rights bill and job discrimination. When Dr. Martin Luther King called, American Nazi Party members shuffled along Pennsylvania Avenue in storm-trooper outfits, carrying placards inscribed *AH WANIS TO SEE DEE PRESIDENT TOO.*

- **SPENDING & TAXES.** Through the week, Budget Bureau officials trooped into Johnson's office and left, as one of them described himself, looking "grim and tight-lipped." To make Congress more amenable to a tax cut, Johnson



WITH DR. & MRS. OPPENHEIMER
But the Texas tone is being subdued.

was striving to cut expenditures for fiscal 1965, but he finally conceded that the budget would probably run in the neighborhood of \$102 billion, thus would be the first to pass \$100 billion.

- **UNEMPLOYMENT.** With America's jobless totaling 4,000,000, Johnson said he hoped to increase employment from the present level of 70 million to 75 million, urged labor and business leaders to "roll up your sleeves, stick out your chin and let it be known you are in this fight."

In each of these areas, Johnson's job is chiefly one of salesmanship, and the customer is Congress. It was natural, therefore, that he spent much of his time and energy at the very same task that occupied him when he was Senate majority leader—wheedling, cajoling, pleading and threatening Congress in order to get action (*see following story*).

"Charity & Courage." During the week, Johnson presided over two ceremonies that were Kennedy legacies. In the Cabinet Room of the White House, he presented the Atomic Energy Commission's \$50,000 Enrico Fermi Award to Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer for his



WITH THE URBAN LEAGUE'S YOUNG
A big Stetson hangs outside the office.

work in building the atomic bomb as wartime head of the Los Alamos Laboratory. The presentation came exactly ten years after Dwight Eisenhower ordered that a "blank wall" be erected between Oppenheimer and secret documents pending a security check. The AEC subsequently ruled Oppenheimer a security risk, and it is obvious that the case still generates heat. All eight G.O.P. members of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee boycotted the ceremony, and Iowa's Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, the ranking Republican, wrote, "I fail to see how anyone who has any respect for the security system of the United States could support this award." Said Oppenheimer to Johnson: "I think it just possible, Mr. President, that it has taken some charity and some courage for you to make this award today."

Later in the week, the President conferred the Medal of Freedom, highest civilian award, on 31 Americans and foreigners chosen by Kennedy last summer. In an unexpected gesture, Johnson added two names of his own choice: John F. Kennedy, whose "energy, faith and devotion," in the words of the citation, "will hereafter light our country and all who serve it," and Pope John XXIII, who "brought to all citizens of the planet a heightened sense of the dignity of the individual, and of the brotherhood of man, and of the com-

" Among them: Cellist Pablo Casals, Educator James B. Conant, Virologist John F. Enders, Justice (retired) Felix Frankfurter, Inventor (Polaroid camera) Edwin H. Land, Banker Robert A. Lovett and John J. McCloy, Architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Steelman Clarence B. Randall, Pianist Rudolf Serkin, Photographer Edward Steichen, Authors E. B. White, Thornton Wilder and Edmund Wilson, and Painter Andrew Wyeth.

mon duty to build an environment of peace for all humankind."

"Something to Do." Johnson's kinetic energy encouraged the nation. "We were impressed with the fact that this country could come through such a tragedy and find a man like the President to carry on," said American Telephone & Telegraph Chairman Frederick R. Kappel, as he emerged from a Business Council meeting with Johnson (see U.S. BUSINESS). Said Steelworkers President David J. McDonald after labor leaders met with Johnson, "I think he's going to be a great President."

The President seemed to be thriving on his whirlwind days. His doctor announced that he is "in good shape," thoroughly recovered from his 1955 heart attack. A few friends who stopped at The Elms for a Sunday drink noted that he had rarely looked better. "He's got something to do now," said one of them. "That must be it."

Another fact is fairly obvious: a new Lyndon Johnson is emerging. As Vice President, Johnson served Kennedy loyally, was never known to criticize him, but chafed in a job that had few substantial duties. At first, he hoped to keep an eye on the Senate by presiding over Democratic caucuses, but some Senators complained that his presence would amount to an executive invasion of the legislative branch. He traveled abroad, had a hand in the Peace Corps, the space agency and the job-discrimination field, but that was still not enough. His frustrations mounted, his vanity was easily bruised, and his temper flared often.

No Replacements. But the presidency appears to be working some changes on Johnson. The shiny silk suits and pastel shirts have given way to subdued

herringbones and pale blue shirts. For years he had the notion that the left side of his face photographed better than the right. It got so that one photographer cracked, "The right side of his face is going to become as big a mystery as the dark side of the moon." But cameramen lately have managed to catch the right side on occasion. And where once Johnson used to whip off his eyeglasses every time he saw a photographer zeroing in, he no longer seems to care.

Johnson was never the easiest boss to work for, despite his staffers' loyalty to him. As Vice President he once complained in the presence of several aides: "Why can't I get men like Ted Sorensen?" Johnson has perhaps a dozen truly trusted associates in Washington and Texas, some of them connected with him since the days of the New Deal, others relatively young men who were plucked from Texas campuses. But for a President, his staff is painfully thin, and he repeatedly told Kennedy's aides in asking them to stay with him, "I have nobody to replace you with."

He has been more gentle with his staffers of late, has even managed to hold down his high dudgeon. "It seemed like he had a clock inside him with an alarm that told him at least once an hour that it was time to chew somebody out," says a longtime friend. "But he hasn't lost his temper once since 2 p.m. on Nov. 22."

A Few Doubts. For that, his aides are grateful. But some of the Kennedy men who are staying on during the transition still have reservations. The new President works behind closed doors, does not like his men to drop in unheralded. Naturally enough, Johnson has not yet established rapport with most of the holdovers—Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy is one of the exceptions—but some wonder if he ever will. Comparing notes, the Kennedy aides were irritated to learn that Johnson seemed to use a set speech in asking them to stay on, always ending his pitch with the phrase, "I need your help more than President Kennedy needed it."

So far, because of the circumstances in which he came to office, Johnson has had things pretty much going his way. But Republicans already are complaining about the extent of his public politicking while they are waiting out the month-long political moratorium they imposed on themselves after Kennedy's assassination. While the veterans of Capitol Hill, recalling his 32 years in their midst, still think of Johnson as one of their own, they are less likely to respond to arm-twisting tactics from President Johnson than they were to those of Senate Majority Leader Johnson. Thus, the President faces certain frustrations—and how he reacts to them may yet turn out to be the real test of his Administration.



JOHNSON & ESCORTS ON BRISK MORNING STROLL
With new momentum on an old course.

THE CONGRESS

The Full Treatment

President Johnson last week came up against some of the toughest codgers of the Congress—and if he did not exactly win their wholehearted legislative support, he at least left them feeling friendly.

Trying to hasten action by the Senate Finance Committee on tax-cut legislation, Johnson summoned Republican Floor Leader Everett Dirksen, a key member of the committee, to the White House for a poached egg breakfast. "Why don't you go on back up there and get that Finance Committee moving?" demanded the President. "Let's get a ten-minute limit on speeches and debate put on that committee." Replied Dirksen to the man who first achieved national fame as a skilled Senate leader: "Lyndon, you know that place well enough to know you can't do that. Not even you ever shut a Senator off on the floor of the Senate, much less in a committee."

On One Condition. Next came Virginia's Democratic Senator Harry Byrd, the Finance Committee chairman. Informed by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield that the President wanted to talk to him, Byrd telephoned the White House. Said Lyndon: "Harry, I want you to come down here and see me tomorrow. I want to draw on your wisdom." When Byrd hung up, he turned to a visitor, his eyes twinkling. "You know what that means," he said. "He wants to work on me a little bit."

He did indeed, and Byrd got the full treatment—including a lunch of potato soup and salad, and a tour around the President's Oval Office, the Cabinet Room, the White House swimming pool, and even, as Byrd later described it, a "little room where he gets his rub." What Lyndon wanted was a promise from Byrd that the Finance Committee would, early in January, report out a bill for a tax cut retroactive to Jan. 1, 1964. Byrd agreed—but only on condition that Johnson first gave the Finance Committee a look at next year's proposed budget figures. "If you don't mind," Byrd later said to newsmen, "I wish you'd point out that this is what I've been asking for all along."

"Things I Never Saw." In a similar way, President Johnson went to work in an attempt to speed legislative action on the civil rights bill, presently held up by the House Rules Committee under the reactionary chairmanship of Virginia's Democratic Representative Howard Smith. Even as a petition for bypassing the Rules Committee was being prepared, the President one morning drove past the Spring Valley home of House Republican Leader Charlie Halleck, took him to the White House for breakfast. The meal included what Halleck called "thick bacon—the kind he knew a fellow from Indiana would like." Halleck



THE GEORGETOWN HOUSE
Only three blocks from home.



ETHEL & BOBBY WITH JACKIE AT DOOR

came away glowing about how Johnson had "shown me things I never saw there before." He also began putting the pressure on Smith for civil rights—although not precisely for the reasons that the President wanted. Explained a Halleck colleague of G.O.P. strategy: "It's senseless for us to try to hold back on this thing now when we know we're going to have to go along with whatever it takes to get it out in the end. That's the bill that will tear the Democratic Party apart, I say bring it out and let 'em start fighting over it." In any event, with his sometime Republican allies now pressuring him, Smith finally agreed to reasonably soon in January."

Also on Capitol Hill last week:

► The House Republican Policy Committee ended any notion that President Johnson may enjoy an extended legislative honeymoon by issuing a statement which said: "We are united in our grief at the tragic assassination of our 35th President. This unity of grief, however, is not—not should it be—the seedbed of a unanimity on all of the legislative proposals put forward by our late President. The denial of discussion would do the greatest disservice to his memory, and to the living nation."

► House and Senate conferees agreed on a foreign-aid authorization of \$3.6 billion. This was some \$900 million less than the Kennedy Administration had requested. The conferees eliminated some restrictions on presidential discretion in allotting aid—restrictions that both President Kennedy and President Johnson had protested. They removed a ban on aid to nations that encroached on U.S. fishing rights and to governments ruled by military juntas that had overthrown democratic systems. They also restored the President's right to grant concessions on trade with Yugoslavia and Poland.

THE CAPITAL

Moving Out

Jackie Kennedy moved out of the White House on a sunny but crisply cool afternoon late last week. Until her departure, last-minute deliveries kept arriving at the red brick Georgetown house lent to her by Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman.

There was a two-wheeled bicycle, a box marked "John's Toys—N Street," pink and blue covered parakeet cages, bathboxes, a generous supply of French wines, and a bulging briefcase bearing the initials J.F.K. A maid arrived, carrying an armload of White House guidebooks. A Washington florist delivered yellow chrysanthemums. Then, just after 1 p.m., a black White House limousine arrived, and out stepped Jackie, Caroline and John Jr. Accompanying them were Bobby and Ethel Kennedy, who chatted for half an hour, then left Jackie smiling at the front door.

For "Exceptional Bravery." On each of four previous days, two moving vans and a crew of six workers had arrived early at the White House to pick up the Kennedy family's personal possessions. Much was trucked off to storage until Jackie decides on a permanent home, the rest to the Harriman house. John F. Kennedy's papers were also being packed and crated. Presumably his personal files and correspondence would go with Jackie, his official presidential papers warehoused until completion of the Kennedy Memorial Library in Boston.

In the east wing of the White House, letters offering prayers and sympathy for Jackie piled up in stacks six feet high—over 300,000 in all. And at the Treasury Department Building, Jackie, expressionless, watched Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon award the department's citation for "exceptional bravery" to Secret Service Man Clinton

J. Hill. It was Hill, assigned to protect Jackie since the day she became First Lady, who ran to the rear of the presidential limousine in Dallas after Kennedy had been killed, clambered onto the bumper and clutched Jackie's hand as she pulled him aboard.

At Their Father's Side. At Jackie's request, the remains of her two dead children—Patrick Bouvier, who died last August less than 48 hours after caesarean birth, and a girl stillborn in 1956—were reburied beside their father in Arlington National Cemetery. There was no advance announcement; instead, the transfer was moved up by a day when it appeared that newsmen might get wind of it. Patrick's body was accompanied to Quonset, R.I., from the Kennedy burial plot at Brookline, Mass., by Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing and Municipal Judge Francis X. Morrissey, both family friends. The stillborn girl was brought by a Catholic priest from Newport, R.I.

At Quonset, the small white coffins were put aboard the Kennedy family plane, *Caroline*, as it stood, deliberately inconspicuous, at a far corner of the airfield. Senator Edward Kennedy accompanied them on the two-hour flight to Washington. At 8:40 that evening, a handful of relatives and close friends stood with Jackie during a 20-minute burial service in the flickering light of the "eternal flame" that burns at the head of John Kennedy's grave.

One Other President. Federal rules are explicit about who may be buried in Arlington, and include: persons honorably discharged from active service in the U.S. armed forces, reservists who have served on active duty other than training, all Cabinet members who held office between April 6, 1917 and Nov. 11, 1918, the widows or widowers of persons already buried in Arlington, along with their minor children; and, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Army, unmarried sons and daughters over 21.

The rules limit a family to a single gravesite. The law also provides, however, that the Secretary of the Army, with the approval of the Secretary of Defense, may authorize larger sites. Accordingly, the Pentagon had offered to set aside for the Kennedy family a total of 3.2 acres. At week's end, however, Jackie asked that those plans be canceled, requested only enough space for eligible Kennedy family members, plus a suitable monument for the dead President.

The largest individual Arlington plot previously set aside was the seven-tenths of an acre on which General John J. Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I, is buried. Only one other President—William Howard Taft—is buried in Arlington, on a plot of six-hundredths of an acre shared by his wife.

\$10,000-a-Year. By week's end, both branches of the Congress had unanimously voted to pay the expenses of



THE PRESIDENTIAL INVESTIGATION COMMISSION AT ITS FIRST SESSION*
They would hear that the assassin acted in his own lunatic loneliness.

President Kennedy's funeral. The Congress also voted Jackie free office space for six to twelve months, the difference to be resolved by a conference committee, as well as continued Secret Service protection and \$50,000 to help pay her personal staff. Following past practice, she will receive a \$10,000-a-year widow's pension and free use of the mails for life.

Jackie's temporary home in Georgetown, built in 1805, was purchased by the Harrimans last spring from Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton for \$165,000. It has seven bedrooms, a dining room to seat 18, and a block-long terraced garden with fine old English boxwood, magnolia trees and a swimming pool. There Jackie will be surrounded by the paintings of Cézanne, Matisse, Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec. Only three blocks away is the home where she lived for three years while her husband was a U.S. Senator.

INVESTIGATIONS

"A Sad & Solemn Duty"

The seven-member commission appointed by President Johnson to investigate the assassination of John Kennedy got started last week—but just barely. It met twice in Washington's National Archives building, performed a few routine organizational chores, voted to ask Congress for subpoena powers, and called it a week. "This commission has a sad and solemn duty to perform," said Chief Justice Earl Warren, chairman of the investigating panel. But, he added glumly, "we are operating somewhat in the dark."

A first step toward getting the inquiry off the ground would be the receipt of an FBI report on the circumstances surrounding Kennedy's death and the slaying of Lee Harvey Oswald by Dallas Strip Joint Owner Jack Ruby. The report was expected to be forwarded to the Warren commission sometime this week. It will indicate that 1) Oswald, acting in his own lunatic loneliness, was indeed the President's assassin, 2) Ruby likewise was a Jester in his role as Oswald's executioner, 3) Oswald and Ruby did not know each other, and 4)

there is no proof of a conspiracy, either foreign or domestic, to do away with Kennedy.

In fact, the report will contain only one real surprise: a heavy hint that Oswald was the sniper who tried to put a bullet into former General Edwin Walker, a right-winging malcontent, in his Dallas home last April 10. Investigators have uncovered evidence in Oswald's own handwriting that links him to the attempt on Walker. Moreover, Oswald's Russian wife, Marina, recalled that on the night of April 10, Oswald rushed into their apartment, excitedly told her he had just tried to kill Walker. When she asked why, Oswald vaguely replied that it was because he wanted to "watch it on television."

Bits & Pieces. As the unruly bits and pieces of Lee Oswald's life continued to come to light last week, there were a few kind words for him from at least his mother. "Lee was such a fine, high-

* From left: Former Central Intelligence Agency Chief Allen W. Dulles, Louisiana's Democratic Representative Hale Boggs, Kentucky's Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper, Chairman Warren, Georgia's Democratic Senator Richard Russell, New York Banker John J. McCloy, and Michigan's Republican Representative Gerald Ford.



MRS. MARGUERITE OSWALD
"That's the way he was brought up."

class boy," insisted Mrs. Marguerite Oswald. "He didn't waste time with comic books and trashy things. On Sundays I'd take him to church and then we'd have lunch somewhere and go to the zoo. If my son killed the President," she said, "he would have said so. That's the way he was brought up."

But others described Oswald's upbringing rather differently. Said John Carro, once probation officer for Oswald, who was a chronic truant during the time he lived in New York: "I got the feeling that the mother was so wrapped up in her own problems she never really saw her son's. I got the feeling that what the boy needed most was someone who cared. He was just a small, lonely, withdrawn kid who looked to me like he was heading for trouble."

Reason for Hope. Meanwhile, in Dallas, the trial of the man who killed Oswald was postponed until Feb. 3 to give both prosecution and defense time to prepare their cases. Even though he faced a possible death sentence, what Jack Ruby seemed most worried about was his popularity. "Are my friends still with me?" he asked his few visitors.

Deep inside the Dallas County jail, behind several locked doors in an eight-by-eleven-foot cell where a bright light shines 24 hours a day, Ruby busied himself reading fan mail ("Congratulations to a good American"; "We feel you did very patriotic thing"), writing his memoirs, and sprucing up in fresh white jail duds whenever his lawyer, Tom Howard, came to call. If only because of Howard's record as a defense attorney, Ruby has reason for hope. Of 30 clients accused of murder, Howard has lost one to the electric chair.

And near week's end, in perhaps the only happy ending that will ever be written about Nov. 22 in Dallas, Texas Governor John Connally, his wife Nellie at his side, left Parkland Hospital for home and a welcome from their three children. Though it would be at least six months before he knew whether his right hand and wrist—pierced by the same bullet that went through his chest—would ever be fully usable, Connally gamely demonstrated for newsmen that he had already learned to sign his name with his left hand.

HISTORICAL NOTES

"Land of Kennedy"

By the dozens, plazas, bridges, hospitals, schools, libraries, stadiums, parks, government buildings, causeways, throughways, freeways, expressways, highways and byways around the world were christened or rechristened in the name of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

The Kayunga Boys' Club of Kayunga, Uganda, became the Kennedy Boys' Club. A West Virginia newspaper proposed changing the name of the state to Kennediana, or maybe just plain Kennedy. Some 700 families living in an Alliance for Progress housing project in Caracas, Venezuela, voted to name

the project after the Yanqui President. Nevada's Democratic Senator Alan Bible proposed that next year's scheduled minting of 50 million silver dollars bear the J.F.K. profile.

Endless Brücken. Much of the memorializing occurred in places where Kennedy had lived or visited. A member of the House of Representatives' parks subcommittee proposed changing the name of the Cape Cod National Seashore Park to the John F. Kennedy National Seashore Park; the Massachusetts legislature received a proposal to emboss "Land of Kennedy" on the state's license plates, in the style of Illinois' "Land of Lincoln." In West Germany, where Kennedy toured triumphantly last June, the Bavarian mint began striking gold and silver medallions bearing Kennedy's likeness and the legend, "We all have lost him"; endlessly, *Brücken* (bridges) and *Plätze* (squares) were converted into Kennedy-Brücken and Kennedy-Plätze. The John F. Kennedy Memorial Library at Harvard was incorporated, with Bobby as president and Teddy as vice president. Nearly everybody in Washington agreed that Jackie's pet project, the proposed new national cultural center, should be named after Jack.

All the naming and renaming was a natural reaction; witness a list of Garfield High Schools and McKinley Junior Highs as long as the Lincoln Tunnel. But in the rush to memorialize Kennedy, many worthy governments and citizens' groups seemed eager to wipe out one historical name with another. In Beirut, Lebanon, Georges Clemenceau Street became John F. Kennedy Street; in Montigny-lès-Metz, 175 miles east of Paris, the Rue Jeanne d'Arc was rechristened Rue J. F. Kennedy. A New Hampshire state legislator proposed changing the name of 5,535-ft. Mount Clay (after Henry) to Mount Kennedy.

The support of New York Mayor Robert F. Wagner for a plan to rename Idlewild Airport brought out the little-known fact that the official name of the U.S.'s major airport of entry is New York International Airport—Anderson Field, in honor of one Major General Alexander Anderson, a gallant soldier in both World Wars who filled the time between as a Queens Borough heating and ventilating contractor with powerful connections to New York politicians.

Resentful Canebrake. Only a few second thoughts stemmed the rush. Outside the John F. Kennedy Space Center in Florida, civilian resentment over President Johnson's erasure of Canaveral from the map built steadily. It was not so much the basic value of the name Canaveral; all it means is canebrake, which is what the place looked like to Spanish explorers who discovered it early in the 16th century. And it was not entirely the gripes of busi-

* Fiorello La Guardia vetoed naming the field after Anderson in 1943, but the City Council bypassed his veto.



MISSILE LAUNCHING LINEUP AT CAPE KENNEDY
And a proposal to rename West Virginia.

nessmen like the shrimp fishery operator who felt it might be hard to re-establish Canaveral shrimp as Kennedy shrimp. It was just that local citizens had no say in the change.

Complained State Senator Bernard Parish: "The naming of a physical geographic feature of the State of Florida is a prerogative of the Florida legislature, and I think that if it is changed, it should be done by the people of Florida, through their elected representatives, and not by the President of the U.S." Last week the Cape Canaveral City Council unanimously passed a resolution objecting to the change of the name of "that mass of land historically known as Cape Canaveral" and forwarded copies to the President, the Governor of Florida and members of the state legislature.

REPUBLICANS

The Reassessment

Immediately after President Kennedy's assassination, top Republicans declared a month-long moratorium on partisan political activity. But under the U.S.'s tried and true system, such a moratorium fits a politician about as well as a bottle fits a bumblebee. And by last week the buzzing about 1964's G.O.P. presidential possibilities was being heard all over.

Almost everyone agreed that things had changed—if only because the Republican nominee would presumably be facing President Johnson instead of Kennedy. One of the first to concede this fact was Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater, who candidly said that he was not quite certain about how to run against Johnson. Said Goldwater: "Johnson has been a liberal, a conserva-

tive, and is now a liberal again. The man personally is conservative. We'll have to wait and see."

If Barry was confused, so were almost all other Republicans when talking about next year's presidential possibilities. Yet a state-by-state canvass of G.O.P. leaders led to some general conclusions. Among them:

- Goldwater has been hurt—but remains the man to beat.
- Richard Nixon emerges as a strong possibility—on paper. But few Republican leaders anywhere feel very enthusiastic about his candidacy.
- Nelson Rockefeller gains little.
- Michigan's Governor George Romney is in deep political trouble in his own state, seems unlikely either to seek or get the nomination for President.
- Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton gets more new momentum than anyone. But he still is not nation-

wide, and is now a liberal again. The man personally is conservative. We'll have to wait and see."

Still, most Southern Republican leaders are determined to do or die with Goldwater. Insists South Carolina's G.O.P. State Chairman Drake Edens: "Nothing has really changed. With no attempt to disparage President Kennedy, a dedicated New England liberal has simply been replaced by a dedicated Southwestern liberal. Long before November 1964, President Johnson will have dispelled all wishful thinking on the part of Southerners that he is any kind of conservative Southerner at all."

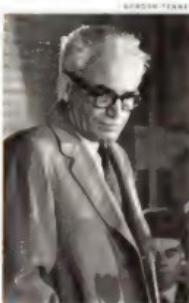
Goldwater's earlier Republican support remains remarkably solid even outside the South. Says Illinois' G.O.P. gubernatorial candidate Charles Percy, who is certainly no right-winger: "Since Johnson took office, I've traveled from 1,200 to 1,500 miles around the state, and I haven't met one Goldwater barker who has changed his mind." Says Wyoming's State Chairman John Wold: "Goldwater has been hurt in our state, but he can still carry it." Says Denver County Chairman Rob-

ert Lee: "Goldwater sentiment remains very strong in Colorado."

Yet, as everyone knows, the nomination must now seem vastly more valuable to him than it did before Kennedy's death.

Nixon refused to comment on reports that a slate of delegates pledged to him would be entered in the New Hampshire primary. Even if it was, he would almost certainly refuse to campaign actively. He has no real base of operations: he cannot count on New York (it's Rockefeller territory), and he has few friends in California because of his humiliating 1962 loss to Democrat Pat Brown for Governor, his ungrateful acceptance of defeat, and his change of residence to New York. As for most of the rest of the country, the view of Colorado's Republican Governor John Love is fairly typical: "I am not opposed to Nixon personally, but I do hope we don't have to go back to someone who has been twice defeated."

Rockefeller: Still Trying. New York's Governor remains the only announced candidate, and he has no intention of



GOLDWATER



NIXON



SCRANTON



ROCKEFELLER

"We'll have to wait and see."

ally known, and much of the increased interest in him is expressed in such phrases as "Tell us more about him."

Goldwater: New Arithmetic. Goldwater already had scores of probable 1964 convention delegates committed to him. He would still be favored to win the important New Hampshire and California presidential primaries in a two-man contest with Nelson Rockefeller.

In a campaign against Kennedy, Goldwater had figured to do well in the Far West, the Midwest and the South. But take away any one of those regions and he did not stand a chance. Now, against Texas' Johnson, the South is at best improbable. Says one Southern state Republican leader: "In a race between Goldwater and Kennedy, we wouldn't have lost but one or two of the Southern and border states. If it's Goldwater and Johnson, we might lose five, six, or seven."

ert Lee: "Goldwater sentiment remains very strong in Colorado."

Ohio is one key state for Republicans was a really discordant note heard. In Ohio, U.S. Representative Robert Taft, son of the late great Mr. Republican, announced his 1964 candidacy for the Senate seat of Incumbent Democrat Stephen Young, told newsmen that a national Republican ticket headed by Goldwater "would make it difficult" for his senatorial campaign in Ohio.

Goldwater himself was plainly feeling some pain. "I'm in a position of major reassessment," he told newsmen. "My people are out all over the country asking questions." As for Johnson, Goldwater said: "I like him. I think he has a chance to be a good President, a great President."

Nixon: No Steam Yet. Nixon, who was formally admitted to the New York bar last week, was still hiding his time.

giving up. But in the aftermath of the assassination, he is considering a change of tactics—presumably in order to emphasize the similarities in his own philosophy and Kennedy's. Explains one aide: "They say Nelson is too much like Kennedy was. Well, if Kennedy had that appeal in the North, so will Nelson." A Michigan Republican puts it in another, less lofty way: "Rocky looks a lot more like Kennedy than Johnson does, and he's been geared up and actively going after the nomination. This helps him mechanically."

But how much? Many Republican leaders just do not consider Rocky a Republican. They seized upon his divorce and remarriage as an excuse for expressing their previous sentiments. They were further angered when he equivocated on whether or not he would support Goldwater in case the Arizonan beat him. Any increased feeling for

Rocky among Republican leaders is yet to come.

Scranton: Ready to Try? In many ways, Governor Scranton would seem a natural. He is the young (46), smart, tough chief executive of a big Northeastern industrial state—the sort that Republicans presumably would have a much better chance of carrying against Johnson than against Kennedy. Scranton has had Washington experience (Congress and the State Department), and he won his present job in a rock-'em-sock-'em campaign.

While Kennedy was still President, Scranton sounded terribly convincing in his denials that he had any presidential ambition. But in the last few days he has been under increasing pressure to make a try, and some of his friends think that they can see him beginning to sway.

Scranton's earlier reluctance kept him out of national Republican Party factions and fights. That is now to his advantage. Yet at the same time it prevented him from becoming nationally known. And that, at least in traditional political terms, would be to his disadvantage. A top Missouri Republican denies this. "Some people," he says, "think that Scranton is not well known enough. But today, with TV, newspapers and magazines, you can sell a man overnight."

Perhaps so—but perhaps not. And if Scranton is to nourish any real hope, he cannot wait for rivals to kill each other off, and must surely try his vote-getting powers in at least a few presidential primaries. For whoever wins the Republican nomination at San Francisco in July will have won some primaries.

NEW YORK

"The Highest Form"

Herbert H. Lehman, who died last week at 85, was a most unlikely sort of politician. He could not remember a name or a face. A small, somewhat heavy man, he had little humor, and almost no time for the pleasantries ordinarily associated with politicos. He was a tireless do-gooder, given to rambling speeches about the virtues of liberalism. He had none of the classic grace of Franklin Roosevelt, none of the earthy charm of Al Smith. Yet in his time he was as popular with New York voters as either F.D.R. or the Happy Warrior—and he outlasted them both by years.

Born to a German-Jewish mercantile family that made a fortune in Alabama cotton and had ardently supported the Confederacy, Lehman was a senior partner in the family's New York banking firm (Lehman Bros.) and was worth some \$25 million before he belatedly got into elective politics at the age of 50. His guiding light was Franklin Roosevelt, for whom he worked as an aide in the Navy Department during World War I. In 1928, when Smith ran for President and Roosevelt for Governor of New York, F.D.R. persuaded Lehman to try for Lieutenant Governor,



F.D.R., LEHMAN & AL SMITH (1933)

He had a talent for giving and spending.

mostly on the grounds that a Jewish liberal could hardly help but strengthen the Democratic ticket in the state.

"**Little New Deal.**" While Smith was defeated, Roosevelt and Lehman won. After that, no New York politician ever won as many statewide elections as Lehman. He won twice for Lieutenant Governor, four times for Governor, and twice for U.S. Senator. Succeeding Roosevelt as Governor in 1933, Lehman pushed through such social welfare legislation as old-age benefits, unemployment insurance, public housing, earned his administration a nickname as the "little New Deal." He inherited a budget deficit of \$106 million, converted it to a surplus of \$80 million in ten years.

As a Senator, Lehman became best known for his passionate but somehow hapless tirades against the evils of Joe McCarthy. Never did he back away from an issue for purely political purposes. In 1949, on the eve of his first election to the Senate, he risked thousands of votes by denouncing Francis Cardinal Spellman for having criticized Eleanor Roosevelt. Spellman, angered at Mrs. Roosevelt's opposition to public aid to parochial schools, had said her "record of anti-Catholicism" was "unworthy of an American mother."

Throughout his lifetime, Lehman was lavish with money. His charitable contributions to such groups as United Jewish Appeal, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, and a host of child welfare organizations were classic. In 1960 he gave \$500,000 toward a children's zoo in Manhattan's Central Park.

Retiring from the Senate in 1956, Lehman spent most of his remaining years trying to reform New York City's boss-ruled Democratic Party. With Eleanor Roosevelt's help, he succeeded in ousting Carmine De Sapio from the leadership of Tammany Hall.

He Didn't Hear. Lehman long ago achieved the stature of a vastly admired Democratic elder statesman and humanitarian. For his lifelong efforts,

President Kennedy last summer named him as a recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom. Last week President Johnson was scheduled to give Lehman that medal. In his Park Avenue apartment, Lehman had just finished packing for the trip to Washington when he fell dead of a heart attack. He never got to hear the award citation:

Citizen and statesman, he has used wisdom and compassion as the tools of government and has made politics the highest form of public service.

LABOR

Revolt Against Jimmy

By a study of his career, no one would ever guess that Harold Gibbons, a vice president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, was anything but a true-blue fan of Jimmy Hoffa's.

A tough fellow with a talent for talking like a college professor, Gibbons, 53, teamed up with Hoffa in 1948, by brains and brawling turned his St. Louis local into a key link in Hoffa's chain, became a leader of the Teamsters' powerful Central States Conferences. He worked tirelessly to smooth over the trail of disputes Hoffa left behind him, served as Hoffa's top propagandist, eventually was named Hoffa's executive assistant in Washington.

But last week the loyal servant turned against his master: Gibbons not only resigned as Hoffa's aide but joined a move to oust Jimmy from the Teamsters' presidency. Turning in their resignations at the same time were four other Hoffa assistants.

The trigger for the rebellion was reaction to the assassination of President Kennedy. In Hoffa's absence, Gibbons closed down the Teamsters' \$5,000,000 Washington headquarters, issued a statement of regret. When Hoffa found out about it, he flew into a tantrum. "I'm no hypocrite," he yelled. "Who told you to do this?" Hoffa later went on to boast that his archenemy, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, would be "just a lawyer now."

For years Gibbons had absorbed Hoffa's crudities in the interests of his handsome (about \$30,000) salary and his secret hope, confirmed only to his closest associates, that one of Bobby Kennedy's lawsuits would stick, send Hoffa to jail, and place Teamster power in Gibbons' own hands. But after the most recent dressing-down by Hoffa, Gibbons took stock of anti-Hoffa sentiment on the 15-man general executive board, and seemed ready to go along with a demand for Hoffa's resignation by ten of the 15 board members, as required by the union constitution.

Gibbons' move was not the only threat to Hoffa. He faces trial next month on charges of jury tampering in a Nashville conspiracy trial, another trial at a later date on charges of providing false information about \$20 million in loans granted by the Teamsters' Central States pension fund in Chicago.



GRAND MASTER & GRAND-CROIX*
It takes baubles to lead men.

FRANCE

The Scarlet Epidemic

"It used to be that half the passengers on the Métro wore the Legion of Honor," crack Parisians. "Now the only ones who still bother to wear it are the conductors." Today, some 300,000 Frenchmen and several thousand foreigners are entitled to the Legion's lapel emblem, and Charles de Gaulle, who as President of France is Grand Master of the Legion, is anxious to make the list more exclusive. De Gaulle has recently approved a decree reducing the number of annual awards by 20%. Through normal attrition, the government hopes the Legion will have dwindled to 125,000 in ten years.

Everyone Bites. The order was founded by Napoleon in 1802 to reward those who "by their knowledge, their virtue, their talent" upheld the glory of the Republic, in which all titles and honors had been abolished. "People call them baubles," said Napoleon of the awards. "Very well, it is with baubles that you lead men. There must be distinction." But the trouble was that the Legion of Honor soon lost its distinctiveness. Miners and postmen, shopkeepers, policemen, and even the official Elysée Palace silver polisher were garlanded along with poets, generals, industrialists and diplomats.

In 1887 the President of France was

* Not, in fact, a cross but a pair of stars, one on the left side, the other dangling at the hip from a scarlet sash. (De Gaulle's other decoration: the Order of Liberation, around his neck.) These are worn only with formal dress; the informal lapel emblem for holders of the *grand-croix* is a rosette on a gold ribbon. For grand officers, the rosette is on a gold and silver ribbon, for commanders on silver ribbon. Merely officers merely wear a rosette, and rank-and-file chevaliers (knights), by far the majority of the Legion's membership, wear the familiar, thin scarlet ribbon.

THE WORLD

forced to resign because his son-in-law was selling Legion appointments for \$3,000 apiece. One Premier of the Third Republic, Pierre-Maurice Rouvier, casually made his mistress' husband a Legionnaire because "of the special services rendered to me by his wife." Once when he was having bad luck fishing, legend has it, Author Henri Murger (*La Vie de Bohème*) baited his hook with his scarlet ribbon and said: "Now they are sure to bite. This is something everyone likes."

Money Is Better. As the "scarlet epidemic" spread, it became more distinguished to reject than to accept the award. Degas, De Maupassant, Clemenceau, Gide, Sartre and Camus all allegedly turned the Legion down. Offered the medal in lieu of payment for his famed requiem commissioned by the government, Composer Hector Berlioz snorted: "To hell with your Legion of Honor. I want my money." But a refusal cannot be worn in buttonhole, and thousands of other Frenchmen still openly court the award.

To restore "to our first national order the prestige it should have," De Gaulle's government last week formally established a second-ranking decoration known as the Order of Merit. Henceforth, the Legion of Honor will be awarded only for "eminent service." Merely "distinguished service" will be rewarded with the new Order of Merit, whose lapel ribbons and rosettes will look like the Legion's, except that the color will be blue.

GREAT BRITAIN

Man Bites Hogg

Britain's Science Minister, the former Lord Hailsham, who renounced his viscountcy in order to run for Parliament, last week also lost his unofficial title as the Tories' champion vote getter. As plain Quintin Hogg, he won a seat in the Commons from London's solidly Conservative St. Marylebone (pronounced Marrerbur), a well-to-do residential district that encompasses Lord's—the Yankee Stadium of cricket—as well as

medicine's Harley Street, Elizabeth Barrett's Wimpole Street and Sherlock Holmes's Baker Street. However, Hogg carried the constituency with only a 5,276-vote margin, winning 12,495 out of 22,730, down nearly two-thirds from the Tory majority won by a comparative nonentity in the 1959 election. The Tory vote also slumped heavily in two other by-elections, lessening any likelihood that the government will hold a general election much before November 1964, the legal deadline.

Less Than a Pound

"Ward is dead," pleaded Barrister Jeremy Hutchinson last week. "Profumo is disgraced. And now I know your lordship will resist the temptation to take what I might call society's pound of flesh." It was no Antonio in the prisoner's dock at the Old Bailey, but cool, green-suited Christine Keeler (130 lbs.), and the quality of mercy was not strained. Noting that she had been "under pressure, under fear and under domination," Judge Sir Anthony Hawke sentenced Christine to nine months in jail for perjury and conspiracy to obstruct justice (maximum possible sentence for perjury alone: seven years).

With her roommate, Paula Hamilton-Marshall, and their housekeeper, dark-haired Olive Brooker, Defendant Keeler had pleaded guilty to framing Jamaican Jazz Singer Aloysius ("Lucky") Gordon, a jilted lover of Christine's; he was first convicted, on her own sober testimony, of beating her and later released on the basis of her drunken tape-recorded confession that she had lied. Thus, as she was led from the half-empty courtroom with tears starting from her eyes, ended what Defense Counsel Hutchinson probably prematurely termed "the last chapter in this long saga that has been called the Keeler affair."

After she has served her sentence, Christine will presumably return to the \$39,000 Georgian house she bought recently from her journalistic earnings. Then, said she, "all I want is for everyone to let me be a normal girl again."

REPRODUCED WITH PERMISSION OF THE BIRMINGHAM ARCHIVE, ENGLAND



GIDE

BERLIOZ

CLEMENCEAU

Some prefer cash, but it cannot be worn in a buttonhole.

ITALY'S NEW PARTNERSHIP

"This is oil and water," cracked Italy's new Foreign Minister Giuseppe Saragat. The new center-left coalition, outgrowth of the *apertura a sinistra* (opening to the left) which started almost two years ago, last week finally managed to form a Cabinet. In addition to the premiership, the Christian Democrats wound up with 15 of the 26 Cabinet positions, including the key ministries of Defense, Treasury, and Internal Affairs. Along with the vice premiership, the left-wing Socialists got five more posts, the only important one being the Budget Ministry. Four Cabinet jobs went to the solidly anti-Communist Social Democrats (including Saragat's Foreign Ministry) and the moderate Republicans. Italy's 25th Cabinet in 20 years joins parties of different aims into an alliance based on what each side hopefully takes to be expediency: the Christian Democrats want Socialist support for a far-ranging package of reforms; the Socialists want to exercise power after 16 years in political exile. As oddly matched as the parties themselves are their two leaders, for the foreseeable future the key political figures in Italy.



Premier Aldo Moro, 47, is the antithesis of the volatile, emotional Italian. A reserved onetime law professor, he detests the acid name calling of Italian politicos, is so shy that he often travels by car to avoid the necessary social amenities on planes and trains. Moro's political genius is for compromise, sometimes achieved by pure tenacity. He once reduced a colleague to near collapse by arguing reasonably for four uninterrupted hours. So conscientiously capable is Moro of seeing all sides of every question that friends and foes alike are convinced that he agrees only with them.

Moro's colorless caution was the very quality that boosted him to political prominence. Five years ago, after sharp-tongued Amintore Fanfani quit in a huff as Christian Democratic leader—in a dispute over his then still heavily opposed plans for an opening to the left—party elders looked for a replacement. He had to be a man nobody was mad at, and Moro filled the bill. Although Fanfani later became Premier for more than two years, Moro stayed on as the party's chief strategist. No less vigorous than Fanfani in his advocacy of the center-left alliance, Moro at the same time was more militantly anti-Communist than Fanfani and therefore proved far more persuasive when it came to selling conservative Christian Democrats on the scheme.

Prophetically, Moro had once tried to join the Socialist Party but was turned down as being "too Catholic." A devout churchgoer who attends Mass daily, he was born in Lecce in the heel of Italy's boot, studied law at the University of Bari, at 24 began teaching. Entering Parliament in 1946, the newcomer was nicknamed by his colleagues "The Quaker" because of his dour outlook and austere habits. Through sheer diligence, Moro became Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1948, received his own ministry (Justice) in 1955. However, his speeches as a politician sounded as if he were still addressing law students at Bari, contained so many pedantic abstractions that deciphering his meanings gave rise to a whole new group of experts known as "Moroologists."

Married, father of four daughters and one son, Moro lives unpretentiously in a lower-middle-class apartment district in Rome. His wife, who almost never appears in public with him, owns few fancy furs or jewels. Outside of his family, Moro's only nonpolitical passion is flowers, which he raises at a small country house about 30 miles from Rome. "There," he says, "I am perfectly at ease because I am with my children and my roses."

Vice Premier Pietro Nenni, 72, is as impulsive as Moro is deliberate. While Moro achieves agreement through patience, Nenni often gets his way by sheer charm and eloquence. In more than half a century, his career has followed innumerable twists and turns.

Even as a youth in Romagna, in Italy's rugged north, Nenni was an adept at political expediency. After his peasant parents died, he was placed in an orphanage by an aristocratic family. Every Sunday Nenni recited his catechism before the countess and if he did well received a silver coin. "Generous but humiliating," he recalled.

He became a Socialist and befriended a fellow Romagnan named Benito Mussolini. *Il Duce's* Fascist thugs later almost shot Nenni when they raided and burned his Socialist headquarters in Milan. Nenni fled to France, and during the next 17 years fought on the Loyalist side in Spain, was captured by the Nazis in occupied France during World War II, turned over to Italian police, and deported to the lonely island of Ponza in the Tyrrhenian Sea in 1943. Three days after Nenni arrived, the short-lived government of Marshal Badoglio shipped another exile to Ponza: Mussolini.

Nenni made his way to Rome, became Foreign Minister and Vice Premier in a coalition Cabinet that included Communists. With a beret pushed to the back of his head and his bull voice roaring, Nenni demanded "unity of the working class," faithfully backed Moscow. Stalin rewarded him with a peace prize in 1951.

Slowly Nenni realized that the Socialists were captives of the Italian Communists. Yet he could not escape without shattering his party, which was heavily infiltrated by Reds. Finally, Moscow's brutal crushing of the Hungarian rebellion and Khrushchev's destalinization speech in 1956 gave Nenni the chance he was looking for: he broke his "action pact" with the Communists, although the party still preserved close ties with them. Nenni also returned the Stalin Prize money (\$25,000), which he had used to buy a luxurious seaside villa. In Rome, Nenni lives more modestly in an apartment with his wife and one of his three daughters, Giuliana, a Socialist Senator. In frail health—he fell in a mountain stream 17 months ago and injured his head—Nenni needed all his powers to persuade his sharply divided party to enter the center-left coalition. At least for the time being, Nenni has lived down the boast he uttered 16 years ago: "Not even a revolver pressed against my head will make me break with the Communists."

SOUTH VIET NAM

End of the Glow

One criticism brought against President Ngo Dinh Diem was that he kept some of his best officers in noncombat jobs for political reasons. One promise made by Diem's successors was to appoint aggressive new commanders and give them a free hand. Last week the first such new commander found himself sacked and ordered to a desk exile that even Diem had not thought of—military attaché in Formosa.

Five days after the coup, Colonel Pham Van Dong, 44, was placed in command of the 7th Division, responsible for two provinces south of Saigon. In his first twelve days on the job, Dong launched seven major operations, but then the Viet Cong regained the initiative. When one village near the capital was severely shelled and several people were killed, the villagers complained bitterly. Even though such attacks are standard, the generals in Saigon fired Dong, to the disappointment of U.S. advisers. But why transfer him 1,400 miles away? According to



SELF-IMMOLATED PEDICAB DRIVER
A sudden lock of publicity.

one version, Dong had been too friendly with the ruling junta's ambitious No. 3 man, Major General Ton That Dinh, whom some of his colleagues consider potentially troublesome.

Room at the Top. As the revolutionary glow that followed Diem's overthrow fades, South Viet Nam's generals seem to be watching each other ever more alertly. They now often wrangle over policy in marathon debates that last until 5 a.m. Bureaucracy also takes its toll of leadership. Brigadier General Le Van Kim, a top strategist, is occupied by administrative chores; last week one of his staff's chief projects was requisitioning three typewriters. Near by, General Dinh flopped back in his chair, grumbled that the pile of paper on his desk grows higher each day.

U.S. officials maintain that the generals are quietly accomplishing much beneath the surface: considered an important achievement is the junta's start at winning over the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects, many of whose members had collaborated with the Viet Cong. But the junta's chairman, Lieut. General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, seems reluctant to wield power, and the outsized, 22-member military Revolutionary Council has taken few outwardly bold steps. Reported TIME Correspondent Murray Gart: "None of this proves that the generals cannot do the job of running South Viet Nam. It is too soon to tell. But for the moment, there is a power vacuum at the top in a country at war."

In Saigon, there were new suicides by fire, the first since the coup—and virtually ignored in comparison to the relentlessly publicized Buddhist suicides under Diem. A 17-year-old girl, Bach Tri Ngai, drenched herself with gasoline and touched a match to her skirts before the local residences of the International Control Commission, set up in 1954 to oversee Viet Nam's partition. A 22-year-old unemployed pedicab driver cremated himself half a block from the U.S. Ambassador's residence, and a young telephone operator followed suit (she left a note saying he had been rejected by his father). The charred skeleton of a fourth victim, an older man, was found near a suburban graveyard. Authorities insisted that the men acted out of personal despondency but conceded that the girl may have had pro-Communist motives—a farewell note repeated the neutralist line against "Vietnamites fighting Vietnamese."

All the Way Home. The fighting itself continued intensely and inconclusively. Sixty miles northwest of the capital, the Viet Cong poured a terrifying 150 rounds of mortar and recoilless-rifle fire into the lonely outpost of Bauco, then overran two of its three blockhouses. Of the 60 defenders, 18 died, 21 were wounded and 21 captured. Also found sprawled dead within the post: 16 women and children. The government chased the attackers in an operation involving 3,000 men, but the guerrillas vanished. Five more Americans apparently lost their lives—a sergeant shot in an ambush and four airmen aboard an RB-26 that crashed into the Mekong River.

The U.S., nevertheless, went ahead with plans to bring home 1,000 troops from Viet Nam by New Year's—chiefly noncombat technicians, many of whose duties are being assumed by Vietnamese. At Saigon airport last week, the initial 294 U.S.-bound servicemen, many happily bearing lipstick smears from Saigon sweeties, clambered aboard four C-135 jets. Present to see the first men off were U.S. General Paul D. Harkins and South Viet Nam's Defense Minister Lieut. General Tran Van Don. Said Don of the departing Americans: "They have shared our hardships and sorrows, and nothing can repay them for the sacrifices they have made."

THAILAND

Alas, Poor Elephas!

He's Losing Class

When King Bhumibol Adulyadej last week celebrated his 36th birthday—a particularly significant anniversary to Thais, who measure life in twelve-year cycles—traditionalists were saddened not to find a single royal elephant taking part in the elaborate ceremonies. In Thailand, as elsewhere in Asia, the once enormous importance of the elephant has declined drastically. While elephant ownership is still considered prestigious, a new Cadillac or Mercedes (the King owns several of each) now rates far higher as a status symbol than a mature, 15-year-old *Elephas maximus* with 40 years of rugged mileage ahead of him.

No Parking. Thailand now has fewer than 10,000 registered working elephants v. some 150,000 automobiles. Says one old-school Thai: "Oh, yes, rich men still use elephants, but only when they go into the forest to work. Where friends can see them, they ride automobiles instead."

While the used-elephant market has been seriously depressed by automation, mahout-maintained model with bucket seat, two-tone umbrella and stick shift costs up to \$1,500 f.o.b. Bangkok, or about \$4,000 delivered at the Bronx Zoo. In Thailand, a U-Ride-It elephant is still a bargain at \$2.50 a day (ten times as much as a rented truck), and is still hard to beat when it comes to bird watching, spraying treetops or hauling logs. But it is impossible to find pachyderm parking space in Bangkok. Shrugs a taxicab mahout: "Elephant too much fighting, too much kicking, too much eating. I like Plymouth. Plymouth only takes gas one time a day."

White Model. Nostalgic Thais recall the glorious days when Siam's elephant corps was its dreaded *force de frappe*.^{*} As a member of SEATO, Thailand nowadays sets more store by its U.S.-supplied M-24 tanks. Nonetheless, allows Colonel Damnern Lekhakul, a military historian attached to the Thai general staff, "If a war comes, we may have to rely on elephants for jungle combat—or if we run out of gas."

Most Thais also still believe, with Edward Topsell, an early 17th century bestiary, that the elephant is a "great and ample demonstration of the power and wisdom of almighty God"—particularly the white variety. King Bhumibol has democratically quartered his own nine-year-old white model in the Bangkok zoo. There, when he reaches maturity in a few years, the handsome specimen may become the first white elephant ever to be mated in captivity.

* They insist to this day that Abraham Lincoln should have accepted their King Mongkut's timely offer of elephants in 1862. Regretfully, Lincoln explained to the King that the U.S. climate did not "favor the multiplication of the elephant." It was possible, nonetheless, that if the Union had been able to field a pachydermic panzer division, the U.S. Civil War might have been foreshortened.



NEW MAHARAJAH & WIFE

THE LATE MAHARAJAH ENTHRONED AT SON'S WEDDING
Toward a welfare state in Snowman's land.**SIKKIM****From Debutante to the Deities**

As a debutante and a Sarah Lawrence graduate (in Oriental studies), Hope Cooke had a crush on Central Asia. Her dreams seemed to come romantically true last March when she married Sikkim's Crown Prince Palden Thondup Namgyal in a now-legendary ceremony at the capital city of Gangtok (TIME, March 23). Last week, when the crown prince's 70-year-old father, Maharajah Sir Tashi Namgyal, died of cancer in a Calcutta nursing home, Hope and her husband mounted the throne of the mountain-locked Himalayan kingdom. The formal coronation will take place after one year's mourning, the precise date to be calculated by the court astrologers.

Private Mountain. The land where Hope will rule is so small that its 2,748 sq. mi. and 162,000 people could fit comfortably into a U.S. national park like Yellowstone. The new Maharajah personally owns Kanchenjunga which, at 28,146 ft., is the third tallest mountain in the world and probably the world's most majestic when its snowy peaks are lit by the sunrise and borne aloft on lacy clouds. Sikkim contains every variety of climate and plant, from the subtropical through the temperate to the arctic. Snow leopards prowl the Himalayan slopes, pandas frolic in the forested gorges, clouds of butterflies hover over 3,000 different kinds of rhododendron and 400 types of orchid.

Wedged between Tibet and India, Sikkim usually has been tributary to one or another of its neighbors. When India won its independence from Britain in 1947, so did Sikkim. But to the late Maharajah, freedom brought more problems than profit. One day in 1949, several thousand peasants swarmed around the blue and white royal palace (actually a large bungalow) demanding an elected national council and tax reforms. Tashi submitted to the experiment in democracy for 29 days and then, feeling unable to cope with what was called "threatened disorder," asked India's Nehru for help. Nehru sent in troops and a dewan, or political officer,

Ever since, India has handled Sikkim's foreign affairs and defense.

Alarmed Nude. In recent years, Tashi retired into a private life that consisted largely of prayer and painting—he specialized in misty Sikkimese landscapes, and painted one "vision" of the Abominable Snowman, who is pictured as a skinny, jet-black animal with a red face scampering over a snowy summit carrying a nude, pink-skinned lady with an alarmed expression. Tashi conversed with spirits, who are prevalent in Sikkim, looked out at the world through green-tinted glasses, and seemed fashioned of gold, so stiff and heavy were his brocaded robes.

The new Maharajah was educated in India, is fluent in five languages including English, and is said to be a reincarnation of his uncle, who was a revered lama. "Aren't we all reincarnations of a sort?" he asks politely, evidently more interested in agriculture and atomic energy than in the miraculous. He hopes that Sikkim can earn dollars abroad by adding copper to its current exports of cardamom seeds, oranges, and imitation-Scotch whisky made by a Parsi distiller from Bombay. When he was proclaimed Maharajah last week, Palden Thondup outlined a program worthy of socialist Scandinavia, declaring that "jointly and steadfastly we shall reach our goal of freedom from want, disease and illiteracy, and usher in a welfare state so that Sikkim can enjoy her rightful place under the sun."

The new Maharani Hope, who is called Lhachem Kushe (Consort of the Deities) by her subjects, intends eventually to write a history of Sikkim. In preparation, she is learning two of the nation's most important languages, Bhutia and Nepali. The project is delayed by her duties to the royal household of 20 servants and three aides-de-camp. It will undoubtedly be further delayed by the fact that she expects a baby this spring—one event whose timing will not be controlled by Sikkim's ubiquitous astrologers.

BURMA**Not Much Left to Nationalize**

Burma's Dictator Ne Win, 52, must hate getting up in the morning. What he rises to face each day is a nation of 22 million people plagued by at least five separate rebellions, ranging from the Kachin tribesmen, who want autonomy, to the Red Flag Communists, who are so fanatical that they think even China's Mao Tse-tung is "too moderate." Burmese businessmen bitterly resent the nationalization of industry; peasants grumble at the collectivization of agriculture; Buddhist monks protest that government expropriation of the rich robs them of endowments. Ne Win's latest enemies are the students who, spurred on by the Communists, last week staged demonstrations and riots all over the country.

Safe Conduct. During the past four months, Ne Win has desperately tried to make peace with Burma's assorted rebels. He guaranteed safe conduct for political and tribal leaders from and to their swamp and jungle hideouts. Rebellions were discouraging. Ne Win complained that the rebels—particularly the Communists—only wanted to buy time in which to regroup, rearm and prepare new offensives. He broke off the talks, let the leaders return to their jungle camps and then began a police roundup of 1,400 leftists of all shades.

To prove he had civilian support somewhere, Ne Win had army trucks pick up some 20,000 workers for a "spontaneous" rally in Rangoon. At that point the students went into action, led an assault on the rally, throwing stones, ripping up placards and setting one army truck afire to shouts of, "We don't want this government!" When Ne Win ordered the closing down of Rangoon university last week, the students, led by leftist agitators, barricaded the gates and staged a sit-in. Bulldozers ordered out to smash the barricades were beaten back with hurled stones, and fire hoses failed because of insufficient water pres-



SHANTYTOWN & LUXURY APARTMENTS IN CONAKRY
And newspapers for people who can't read.

sure. Finally, tough riot police with tear gas dislodged the students. Three other universities at Bassin, Moulmein and Mandalay were padlocked by the government.

Shaven Head. Ne Win's only visible support remains the 50,000-man Burmese army, but there is evidence that even this last bulwark is being undermined: popular Brigadier Aung Gyi, who disagrees with Ne Win's policies, is in exile in a Buddhist monastery where, his head shaven, he spends his time meditating.

At week's end the student turmoil continued, and insurgents stepped up their attacks on police outposts and army convoys. In heavily guarded Government House, Ne Win was still hard at work pushing his headlong, headstrong course toward socialism. Last week he nationalized 17 more private organizations, including the Automobile Association of Burma and a tailors association. After all, there's not much left to nationalize—not even the Red Cross or the Boy Scouts, both of which were taken over months ago.

GUINEA

Trouble in Erewhon

"An African statesman," allows Guinea's President Sékou Touré, "is not a naked boy begging from rich capitalists." On the contrary, many of his country's well-dressed officials own sumptuous villas and cars, favor French food, American cigarettes and Scotch whisky (at \$18 a bottle). Conakry, Guinea's sweltering capital, has plans for two new luxury hotels—one to be built by the U.S., the other by the Russians. But Guinea (pop. 3,300,000), once one of French West Africa's richest countries, after five years of inde-

pence has become one of the poorest. This week, a mission headed by Economic Development Minister Ismaïl Touré, Sékou's half-brother, is due in Washington, expected to plead with the Administration to double the \$15 million in aid that the U.S. has funneled into Guinea this year.

Sears, with Credit. Despite diversified agriculture and abundant natural resources (notably, bauxite, iron, diamonds), Strongman Touré's blend of xenophobia and socialism saddled the country with severe food shortages, inflation and gaping trade deficits. The trouble, as one Western visitor puts it, is that Guinea's government has long viewed foreign aid as "one big Sears Roebuck store, with unlimited credit."

Along come France's black African territories, Guinea chose total independence rather than Charles de Gaulle's offer of continued "association." When French aid was cut off, Touré turned instinctively to the Soviet bloc, whose economic embrace rapidly made Guinea a kind of cold-war Erewhon. In return for its prized pineapples, bananas and other produce, Moscow sent tropical Guinea overpriced, superannuated snowplows, prefabricated housing units that its workmen cannot assemble, and a plant to produce shaved ice, which melts instantly in Conakry's savage heat.

As elsewhere, the Communists concentrated on showy prestige projects, such as a sports stadium (still unfinished after three years), a vast brick factory, a printing plant capable of producing 40,000 newspapers an hour, though at most one in ten Guineans can read. Experts discovered that a Russian-built radio station, designed to beam the Voice of Touré the length of Africa, had been sited on an iron lode that badly interferes with transmission.

Miffed Mammies. Touré learned to fear Russians bearing gifts; Soviet loans petered out soon after he expelled the Russian ambassador for fomenting anti-Touré demonstrations in 1961. In one of his more astute aidmanship gambits, he later snubbed Moscow by strengthening his ties with Peking, whose technicians have already built a match factory and a cigarette plant. But Russian-dictated "reforms" and Touré's own policies persisted. On Moscow's urging, Touré had divorced Guinea's currency from France's monetary system, flooded the country with new paper francs embellished with his portrait, which were almost valueless outside Guinea. As a result, cattle, coffee and bananas—and U.S. Food for Peace supplies—were smuggled into neighboring countries to be sold for hard currency. Touré also nationalized virtually every business in Guinea, including the once-lucrative diamond mines.

Soon every commodity from tap water to beer-bottle caps was in short supply. Once-docile Guineans reacted by staging an angry series of food riots this year. Though Touré prides himself on his emancipation of womenfolk—he has also insisted that traditionally bare-breasted banana porters cover up—it was Guinea's vociferous market mammas, miffed at perennial shortages and soaring prices, who finally forced the President to make his first drastic economic reforms by threatening to march on Conakry. Fearful that he might be overthrown, Touré last October hastily dismantled dozens of state monopolies and allowed private retailers to buy up their stocks.

In repeated broadcasts, he confessed that his nationalization of the economy had been a colossal flop. Said he: "The private trader has a greater sense of responsibility than civil servants, who get paid at the end of each month and only once in a while think of the nation or their own responsibility." But Western businessmen are wondering whether Touré's apparent conversion to free enterprise is sincere—and whether it comes too late to do much good.

SOUTH AFRICA

How to Win—and Lose

The Xhosa tribesmen of Transkei, seeking a Prime Minister for South Africa's first "self-governing" Bantustan (*TIME*, Nov. 29), last week gave an overwhelming majority of their votes to Paramount Chief Victor Poto. But as it turned out, Poto did not get the job. Instead the office went to Chief Kaizer Matanzima, the candidate preferred by the South African government. Poto wants white men and white investment capital in the Transkei, while Matanzima, a black racist, supports the idea of an all-black state.

The strange result came about in the Transkei's embryo Legislative Assembly, which under the territory's consti-

tution chooses the Prime Minister. Since the Assembly has 64 members appointed by the government and only 45 deputies elected by the voters, the odds were heavily against Poto. Even so, he lost by only five votes. Chief Matanzima claimed a "clean-cut victory," but in fact he will take office with the uneasy knowledge that most of the Transkei's 1,400,000 Xhosa seem to be stubbornly opposed to Matanzima's program of strict racial separation, which he euphemistically calls "peaceful co-existence of the races."

TURKEY

Just Any Government at All

Turkey seems to be in the grip of a perpetual crisis. After the army toppled the corrupt, free-spending regime of Premier Adnan Menderes in 1961 and executed him, the military ruled ineffectually for 18 months, then let civilians take over. Durable Ismet Inonu became Premier, decided to try to hold the country together amidst the lingering bitterness without curbing parliamentary democracy. Probably no one else could have done it. Inonu, 80, seemed like an embodiment of Turkey's past: born under the Sultanate, he was one of Kemal Ataturk's most dashing revolutionary generals, first became Prime Minister in 1923, served on and off as Premier or President of Turkey for 40 years. Yet last week Inonu was again fighting to save Turkey from new political turmoil.

New Dilemma. Inonu and his People's Republican Party inaugurated overdue reforms, but these did not necessarily make him popular. Bureaucrats were angered by his campaign against waste. Businessmen and big landowners were incensed by new schemes to make them pay taxes. Plain consumers were mad at the attempt to put government monopolies on a profit-making basis, which raised prices. Peas-



KHRUSHCHEV & COMRADES DRESSED FOR THE CHASE
Amid a litany of mismanagement and inefficiency.

ants, who still would rather have new mosques than new schools, hankered for the old days when Menderes built 8,000 village shrines.

Menderes' heirs in the Justice Party kept gaining ground with their strange mixture of aging leaders forever trotting out the ghost of the dead leader and young politicians forever promising that they could run things more efficiently than Inonu. In last month's nationwide municipal elections, Inonu was plainly overconfident. While Justice Party Leader Ragip Gümüşpala, 66, campaigned strenuously, covering thousands of miles a week, Inonu loftily limited his politicking to a single 20-minute radio speech. The results gave Inonu's Republicans only 37% of the vote; two smaller parties in Inonu's shaky government coalition were virtually wiped out. The winner was the Justice Party, with 46% of the ballots.

Last week Inonu resigned. His dilemma: neither major party can rule separately, since each lacks a parliamentary majority, and neither wants to rule jointly, since that experiment was tried once before, lasted seven months and accomplished nothing. None of the smaller parties seem eager to join another coalition, either. New national elections? Nobody is enthusiastic over that idea.

Try Again. For the time being, at least, the army was sticking to its pledge of political neutrality, but no one could be sure how long the military would resist the idea of restoring "stability" by staging another takeover. By week's end Turkey's President, General Cemal Gursel, came to Inonu and asked him to form a new Cabinet; conceivably he might succeed, by persuading one of the small parties to join a coalition and picking up enough defectors elsewhere to scrape up a parliamentary majority. After all, Inonu's immediate aim was not a stable government, but any government at all.



PREMIER INONU
Amid perpetual crisis.

RUSSIA

Something for the Soil

In the Kremlin this week, the Soviet Communist Party's Central Committee is pondering the grave crisis in agriculture that has made it virtually impossible for Russia to feed itself.

Up for debate is Nikita Khrushchev's sweeping plan for expansion of the chemical industry to raise fertilizer production from 20 million tons this year to 108 million tons by 1970. Fertilizer has become a kind of ritual incantation: Nikita is obviously convinced that only its vastly increased use can raise production enough to avoid drastic food cuts or permanent dependence on expensive foreign farm products, such as the 11 million tons of wheat the Soviets are buying from the West. Asks a current Moscow joke: "What was Stalin's last mistake?" Answer: "He stockpiled enough grain for only ten years."

Major new investments in the chemical industry are sure to force a cutback in consumer production, housing, possibly defense; but the situation on Russian farms warrants it. Yields this year have been poor in the Ukraine and Siberia. Last week the administrator for the Virgin Lands, Khrushchev's pet farm project, openly admitted disaster in his regions as well, citing staggering examples of mismanagement and inefficiency.

Another obvious topic for the Moscow Party meeting is the split with Red China. Even as the Russian press was pleading for calm, Peking's delegates to the Communist World Peace Council in Warsaw noisily condemned Russia's "peaceful coexistence" policy, including the nuclear test ban. Russian delegates retorted, as New China News Agency put it indignantly, by "banging the desks and uttering catcalls."

* Finland's President Urho Kekkonen, Soviet Deputy Premier Dmitry Poliansky, Defense Minister Rodion Malinovsky, and Khrushchev, starting for hunting trip near Moscow.



PRESIDENT-ELECT LEONI & FAMILY

Democracy won.

VENEZUELA

Repudiating Castro

Squads of steel-helmeted combat troops guarded every polling place, and an air force DC-3 droned low over Caracas with a loudspeaker broadcasting guarantees of safety to the voters. It was Election Day in Venezuela—the day that Castroite F.A.L.N. terrorists had promised to fill with violence. They proved themselves ineffectual.

A few bombs exploded around the city; at one point a sniper fired from a building, killing one man and wounding his wife. The troops quickly flushed him out, and the balloting went on. By nightfall 3 million Venezuelans, more than 90% of the electorate, had gone to the polls to choose a new President to take over next March from Rómulo Betancourt, who is constitutionally barred from succeeding himself.

No Majority. Yet if the election was a personal triumph for Betancourt, it was considerably less of a political victory. As expected, the winner was Raúl Leoni, 57, the shrewd, dour president of Betancourt's *Acción Democrática* party. A founder of A.D., Leoni served as Venezuela's Labor Minister while Betancourt was provisional President from 1945 to 1948, later took over the party leadership in 1958 when Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez was overthrown and Betancourt elected President. Leoni campaigned on a promise to continue Betancourt's successful economic and social reforms. But he lacks Betancourt's flair and almost hypnotic hold on back-country *campesinos*: squabbles within A.D. also worked against him. As a result, Leoni and A.D. won only 33% of the vote last week (v. nearly 50% in 1958), enough to elect Leoni President but far from enough for a working majority in Congress.

To govern effectively, Leoni will have to turn to the man who finished a surprisingly strong second: Rafael Caldera, 47, leader of the Social Christian

THE HEMISPHERE

COPEI Party. He won 21% of the vote. An able Caracas lawyer who advocates far-reaching reform, Caldera has been gathering strength from new voters and those disenchanted with A.D.'s hickering factions. Five years ago, COPEI won 16% of the vote and a junior voice in a coalition government with A.D. Now Caldera's COPEI support is crucial to A.D., and Leoni will have to offer more for a deal with Caldera.

As far as the U.S. was concerned, the political difficulties were less important than the fact that Venezuelans had been able to hold a democratic and peaceful election. "The real winner," said a State Department spokesman, "is the democratic process."

Four days after Venezuela's election, the F.A.L.N. terrorists released U.S. Army Colonel James K. Chenault, whom they had kidnapped as an election publicity stunt. During Chenault's confinement, TIME Correspondent Mo García was offered a secret interview with Chenault, met his F.A.L.N. source as agreed, standing outside a Caracas movie theater holding a newspaper and a swizzle stick. García was led to a car; his eyes were taped, and he was driven to a hideout somewhere in Caracas. He found Chenault, blindfolded and dressed in light yellow pajamas. The colonel said he had received "reasonably good treatment," except that his captors, youths about 16 to 18 years old, continually tried to indoctrinate him in Marxism. Three days later, Chenault was turned free.

The idea of kidnapping Americans seemed to be spreading. In Bolivia, Communist-led tin miners announced that they were holding four Americans—two U.S.I.S. officials, an Alliance labor adviser, a Peace Corpsman—and would keep them until the Bolivian government released three miners arrested for murder and misuse of union funds.

BRAZIL

Point of Disorder

In Brazil's free-swinging politics, violence is often more than verbal. Rip-roaring fist fights sometimes punctuate the debates in the modernistic chambers of the national Congress in Brasília. Many a lawmaker packs a pistol, which can be used—as one Congressman recently discovered—to assure undivided attention to a speech.

Last week, rising to make his maiden speech in the Brazilian Senate, Senator Arnon de Mello, 52, looked uneasily toward the back of the chamber. "I will speak today," he began, "with my eyes turned to Senator Silvestre Péricles de Góes Monteiro, who . . . who . . . who has threatened to kill me today." "Swine," roared Góes Monteiro, 67, charging down the aisle. Mello drew his Smith & Wesson .38, ducked behind

a seat—and fired twice. An old hand at political gunplay, Góes Monteiro whipped out his own .38, but another Senator jumped him before he could fire. When the bedlam subsided, a third Senator, José Kairala, 48, was lying in a pool of blood. Apparently the second shot from Mello's pistol had ripped into his abdomen. Doctors kept him alive for four hours, and then he died.

Brazil was shocked, but hardly surprised. Both Mello and Góes Monteiro come from the hard-scrabble northeast state of Alagoas, where political ambushes are the rule, not the exception. For more than 20 years, Góes Monteiro and his family ran the state as a private political reserve. Once, when a political enemy was mysteriously killed, Góes Monteiro ordered samba music played on public loudspeakers.

One of the few who dared cross him was Mello, a crusading newspaperman whose election as governor in 1950 touched off a bloody feud. Mello ordered an investigation into the previous Góes Monteiro regime: a star witness was found with both legs—and his spirit—broken, and at one point rival gangs fought a pitched battle with machine guns on the floor of the state assembly. When Mello moved on to the national Senate 14 months ago, old Góes Monteiro promised: "He'll never make his first speech."

Except for his swearing-in, Mello made it a point to stay away from the Senate—until last week. Even then, he never made his maiden speech. After the gunplay, Mello faced a charge of homicide; Góes Monteiro was held for attempted assault with intent to kill. And the Senate passed a rule: from now on, all Senators will check their weapons at the door.



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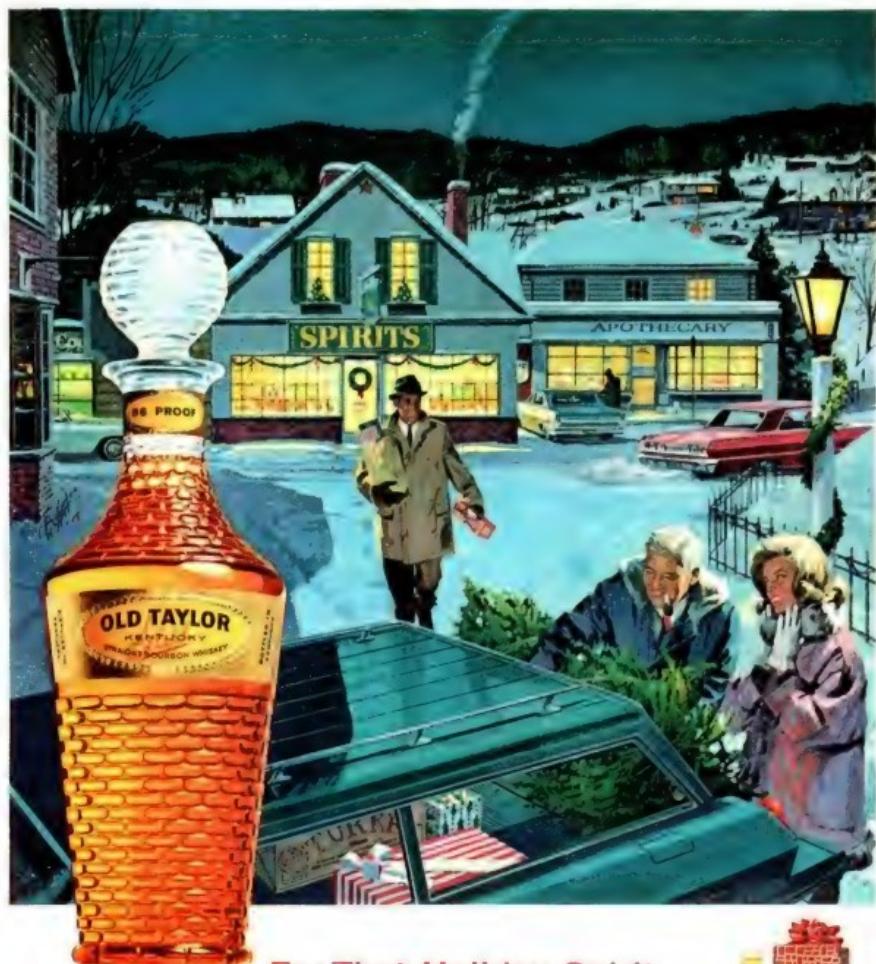
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PEOPLE

"Young men don't want to be like their father. One gets tired of Daddy and calls him a stupid old man," said Novelist (*The Once and Future King*) T. H. White, 57. And that, he added, is just what has happened to T. S. Eliot, 75. Once the great guru of contemporary poets, Eliot has joined the "poets unfashionable" like A. E. Housman and Rupert Brooke who "condescend to rhyme and scan and take care." White told a Library of Congress audience. After a decent interval, he will be rediscovered, but for the nonce, said T.H. of T.S., "he is out—due for the chop. Eliot is no longer cool. He's square."

It started during the 1952 presidential campaign. Dwight Eisenhower, 73, and Harry Truman, 79, had some hard words to say about one another, and ever since, relations between them have been cool. But when the two ex-Presi-



HARRY, MAMIE & IKE
To the heart.

dents met in Washington for John F. Kennedy's funeral, old angers did not seem to matter so much. Eisenhower invited H.S.T. to ride with him to Arlington, and after the burial Harry had Ike and Mamie in to Blair House for coffee and sandwiches. Quietly the two men talked of the problems and perils of the presidency. After half an hour, they parted and an aide recalled: "You could see the warmth in their eyes. They were two men who had lived in the same time, remembering things they cared about."

Paul Anka records are hard to come by in Poland, but the Poles do not consider this a blessing. In fact, they rock around the clock to all the Anka they can get from Voice of America broadcasts, and the government even invited the opiate of the masses over for a personal-appearance tour. Though offered somewhat less than his usual fee, Paul, 22, jumped at the chance to be the first big-name pop singer in years to tour the country. In eight days, he visited four cities, giving 15 performances,

and the S.R.O. audiences, two-thirds of them over 30, applauded wildly, called out hours of requests and gaily sang along. It was such a boll that the government is petitioning Paul to return as soon as possible.

When a blood clot formed behind the retina of his left eye in 1958, Bob Hope, then 55, hardly cut back his activities at all. Doctors feared a partial loss of sight. But Hope sprang eternal, and the danger seemed to pass—until a month ago. Now Bob has checked into San Francisco's Children's Hospital. Though the actual treatment—powerful light beams precisely focused on the eye to dissolve the clot—is only minutes long, Hope will be sidelined for



BOB
For an eye.

about two weeks. That means he can't do his Dec. 13 TV show, and Bing Crosby, 59, and Jack Benny, 69, volunteered to fill in. "These are two of my oldest friends," beamed Bob. "Very few people have friends that old."

Shortly after President Kennedy's assassination, the Macmillan Co. announced that it would stop shipping and promoting its bestselling *J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth*. The publishers felt that for the time being they should lay off ballyhooing the severely critical work by Author Victor Lasky, 46. That did not mean that bookstores were forbidden to sell copies on hand, and the book never faltered from its top position on the bestseller lists. So, with local supplies dwindling, Macmillan decided to start shipping again, though the promotion ban continues. Said a

Boston bookshop manager: "I can't stand olives, but if I were running a grocery store, I would carry them. Some people like olives."

All that widespread clucking was confirmed when Kensington Palace announced that Princess Margaret, 33, is indeed expecting her second child next year. That means, if everything goes well, that there will be a royal baby a month—starting in February with Princess Alexandra, followed by Queen Elizabeth in early March, Meg in late April and the Duchess of Kent in May.

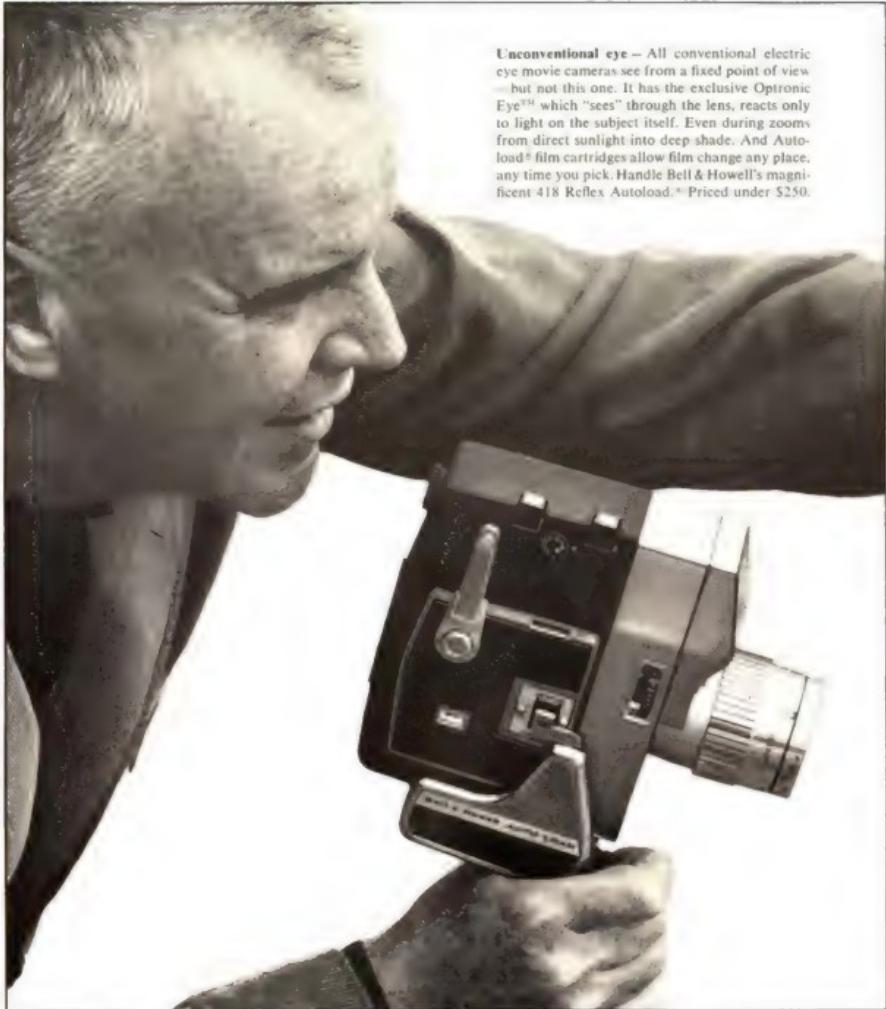
Hats add something to a woman's appearance—so they say. And Joan Crawford, 55, thinks they add a lot. She has been known to order 30 of them at a crack, and all custom-made. Photographers could hardly be blamed for zeroing in on the frizzy crown and accompanying gewgaws she chose from her vast collection to wear at the annual New York United Service Organization



JOAN
On a head.

banquet. She was there as co-chairman of the women's division to help present the U.S.O.'s distinguished service award to General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, whose own well-battered crush stirred quite a sensation in hats during World War II.

Anything for a pal, and so George ("Bullets") Durgom hopped on a golf cart to spin around the Paramount lot with Jackie Gleason, 47, last June. Awaaaaay they went, recalled Gleason's former manager, in a suit he just filed. The only problem was that Gleason was "intoxicated from excessive use of alcoholic beverages," was thus "an incompetent and unfit driver of golf carts." At last, after careening all over, the cart overturned. Bullets (150 lbs.) fell on the ground; the Great One (290 lbs.) and the golf cart (500 lbs.) fell on Bullets. This resulted in "severe and profound shock to the nervous system" of Bullets and also gave him a broken back. But Bullets is not mad; he is willing to let bygones be gone for only half a million clams.



Unconventional eye — All conventional electric eye movie cameras see from a fixed point of view — but not this one. It has the exclusive Optronic Eye™ which "sees" through the lens, reacts only to light on the subject itself. Even during zooms from direct sunlight into deep shade. And Autoload® film cartridges allow film change any place, any time you pick. Handi Bell & Howell's magnificent 418 Reflex Autoload.* Priced under \$250.

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... Especially at Christmas when you're looking for gifts that really count. Here are four automatic cameras and a projector: one is perfect for you and your family. But which? That depends on your requirements. We have a

movie camera so slim it'll tuck in anywhere, go along with you. Another movie camera is absolutely the finest in its field, a combination of masterful optics engineering and luxury. A third is brand new and a wonderful bargain . . . offering you



Sure, change film with a kid on your back! No more weaving movie film all through a camera's works: flip in a fresh, pre-loaded Autoload® film cartridge and keep shooting! Electric eye sets zoom lens for you. The 315 Reflex Autoload . . . under \$130.



She can't push the button unless her picture's perfect! Precise, around-the-lens electric eye sets sharp f/1.9 lens for you, won't allow a bad picture, slide. Viewfinder shows corrections, if any. 35mm Bell & Howell / Canon® Canonet start under \$100.



Every lady should carry an automatic. This one. So slim, trim it hides in purse or pocket! Zoom lens sets by electric eye, gets you clear, sharp movies automatically. Strong batteries drive movie film. Bell & Howell/Canon® Canonet 45C . . . under \$150.



Teach your old film new tricks with instant slow motion — our projectors add comedy touches, smooth sweeping scenes, lengthen short ones! Automatic threading, too! See more in your movies on a versatile new Autoload! Autoload® models start under \$145.

the expert in you (automatically!)

more features for far less money. Then there's a 35mm still camera that puts its foot down, absolutely refuses to let you take a picture if the setting isn't correct. Our projectors (modestly absent) add more to your movies than was there in the

first place. You see your films in flutter-free slow motion and reverse. What's more, they thread themselves! Read what we have to say about each, then see them at your Bell & Howell dealer. You'll find your decision will be almost automatic!

MEDICINE

RESEARCH

The Most Exhaustive Survey On Smoking & Disease

The first statistical studies of the relationship between smoking and lung cancer had an understandable impact: there are 65 million cigarette smokers in the U.S. with an understandable interest in their own health. But that twelve-year-old beginning left room for argument; even though the research continued, there were a few reputable medical men who were convinced that the case against cigarettes had not been proved. Late in 1959 the American

ing after 25 was 1.42 times that of nonsmokers; among those who had begun as striplings under 15, it was 2.29 times as high. The higher death rate can be traced, said Dr. Hammond, to three underlying factors: 1) precocious smokers tend to inhale more deeply, 2) they smoke more cigarettes a day, and 3) by the time they reach middle age, they have been smoking for many more years.

No Coincidence. In all areas, Dr. Hammond went out of his way to forestall argument. Earlier studies had classified subjects only as smokers or nonsmokers. Critics suggested that the



TEEN-AGED SMOKERS
An early start . . .

Cancer Society enrolled 1,078,000 American volunteers in a project designed to produce enough statistics to convince anyone. Last week at the American Medical Association's clinical meetings in Portland, Ore., the Cancer Society's chief statistician, Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, gave the first of a long series of reports on the million-subject study. The figures were indeed convincing.

Big Surprise. Because men under 40 were judged too young to show the effects of lifetime smoking, Dr. Hammond limited the first report to 422,094 of his volunteers—men aged 40 to 89. The findings went far beyond previous studies as they indicated smoking.

No one previously had gathered any data on the effect of deep inhaling upon health. The relationship had been assumed from the start, but this time all the subjects were specifically asked if they inhaled, and if so, how much. Among men aged 40 to 69, the death rate of those who said they did not inhale was 1.64 times as high as the rate for nonsmokers; but among those who said they inhaled deeply, it was 2.22 times as high. And the relative difference increased in the older age groups.

One big surprise was the importance of the age at which a smoker picks up the habit. In the 40-69 age bracket, the death rate of men who started smok-

apparent relationship between smoking and cancer might be largely coincidence, that other factors must be involved. What about race, heredity, occupation, nervousness, appetite for fried foods, use of tranquilizers, exercise—even circumcision and baldness?

Dr. Hammond divided his subjects aged 40 to 60 into groups, separating them according to 24 such factors. He discovered that it made virtually no difference whether the men were short or tall, black or white, native or foreign-born, married or single, gluttons for fried food or abstainers, bald or shock-headed, circumcised or not. The death rate ran consistently about twice as high among heavy smokers (a pack a day or more) as among nonsmokers.

Other Factors. The A.C.S. researchers pulled their neatest statistical trick to answer the critics who claimed that the association between heavy smoking and early death is a coincidental companion of some other factor. Hammond's computer wizards found 36,975 pairs of men who were matched in every conceivable respect except their smoking habits. The men in each pair were of the same race, within an inch of the same height, came from the same birthplace (U.S. or foreign), had the same occupational exposure to polluted air, had had the same amount of edu-

cation, were of the same religion and marital status, had the same drinking habits, took the same amount of exercise, had similar health records, and suffered—so far as anybody could judge—from about the same degree of nervous tension.

In the 34 months of the study, the members of these closely matched pairs had very different health experiences. Of the nonsmokers, 662 died. Only twelve died of lung cancer, one from emphysema, 304 of coronary artery disease and eight from aortic aneurysm—leaving 329 for other causes. But among the smokers, 1,385 died—110 of lung cancer, 15 of emphysema, 30 of aortic aneurysm and 654 of coronary disease.

Seeming Paradox. To cigarette addicts, the big question of the past few years has been: "Are filters safer?" Dr. Hammond gave a carefully qualified answer. Some filtertips pass as much nicotine and tar as old-fashioned "straights," or even more. So the key question becomes what brands are low in nicotine and tar. While nobody knows for certain that low-tar, low-nicotine cigarettes are safer, it is certain that smokers who use them cough less and have fewer day-to-day illnesses.

Dr. Hammond also dealt with a seeming paradox that had emerged from previous studies: among men who gave up smoking, the death rate was higher, within a year of their quitting, than among men who continued to smoke. The explanation, Hammond concluded, is easy: most men quit smoking only under doctor's orders. When they quit, they are already sick. And among such men, it is natural that the death rate is high. The most encouraging note that Dr. Hammond struck was that men who give up smoking before they become desperately ill benefit noticeably. More of the tobacco damage is reversible than physicians once believed.

The A.M.A. was impressed. It has repeatedly provided Hammond with a platform and long ago dropped tobacco advertising from its publications, but last week was moved to unprecedented action. The doctors proposed long-range research to be financed partly by the



STATISTICIAN HAMMOND

. . . to a predictable conclusion.



A traditional Christmas eggnog—made with gold label Puerto Rican rum, of course. Photograph by Alvin Fontaine.

How to make a traditional Christmas eggnog without goofing

(and why you should insist on gold label Puerto Rican rum)

IF YOU really want to delight your friends with a Christmas eggnog, make it with rum. There's plenty of precedent. After all, this Early American merry cup started with rum.

Today, the grand tradition continues—but with a notable improvement: *gold label* Puerto Rican rums. They simply refuse to be subdued in an eggnog. Reason: they are distilled at high proof and

aged in oak—it's the law in Puerto Rico.

Here are two great recipes for a traditional eggnog. Use the one that suits your own tempo and taste.

Quick recipe. Add 8 oz. *gold label* Puerto Rican rum to 1 qt. of eggnog mix from your dairy. Fold in 1 cup stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill. Dust with nutmeg. Serve—8.

Standard recipe. Beat 12 egg yolks until

light. Beat in 1/2 lb. sugar until thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of *gold label* Puerto Rican rum. Chill 3 hrs. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill 1 hr. Dust with nutmeg. Serve—20.

FREE BOOKLET! 31 Rum drink recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.



Dispatchers can now act in seconds with new computer for AE's gas pipeline control system

For years, gas pipeline companies have used centralized systems which let a single dispatcher monitor and control far-flung pipelines. But there has always been a "time gap"—the time needed for a dispatcher to analyze telemetered information before taking proper action.

Now AE has developed a special-purpose computer that reduces "decision time" from hours to seconds. It operates integrally with AE's new pipeline control system and automatically makes all necessary calculations for changes in

rate of flow, line pressure and rates of gas consumption. AE's computer also checks itself—by routines that can continuously test the programming, the components and the information that is put into it. Errors can be corrected automatically. And, at any time, the dispatcher can change the programming in a matter of seconds.

If you have a control problem, the chances are we can be of help. Why not try us by writing to the Director, System Sales, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC
Subsidiary of
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A.M.A., partly by contributions. "So many gaps exist in knowledge about the relationship of smoking to health," said the A.M.A. House of Delegates with extreme caution, that "a comprehensive program of research is needed."

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

Shots for Tetanus:

Immunity for All

In blood-colored movies and in the flesh, Dr. Norman A. Christensen of the Mayo Clinic urged his colleagues at the A.M.A. to embark on a crusade. What he wants is nothing less than an all-out campaign to eradicate tetanus in the U.S. by having every man, woman and child immunized with toxoid and periodic booster shots.

There have been 256 tetanus deaths in the U.S. this year, and Dr. Christensen argued that almost all of them were avoidable. For proof, he cited the record of the U.S. armed forces in World War II: among 12 million in uniform, there were only 16 confirmed cases of tetanus (with six deaths).

Difficult Choice. Tetanus bacteria lurk in sewage and soil, in dust and rust. They can enter the human body through any penetrating wound, through the unhealed navel of the newborn, and through drug addicts contaminated dope. There is so little that even the best of medical centers can do once the disease has developed, Dr. Christensen insists prevention is the only reliable cure. Tetanus toxoid is cheap and safe; it rarely causes unwanted reactions. It should first be given in a course of three shots spaced a month apart, he says. There should be a booster a year later and every five years thereafter.

If an emergency patient has had the toxoid within a couple of years, said Dr. Christensen, all he needs is an immediate booster. But if he has never had toxoid, or is unconscious and cannot answer questions, the doctor has a difficult choice. He can give toxoid, which takes a while to build up immunity and may work too slowly. Or he can give tetanus antitoxin, which confers brief but prompt immunity. Trouble is, the antitoxin, almost always prepared from the blood of horses, carries a heavy risk of serum sickness, which can be as deadly as tetanus.

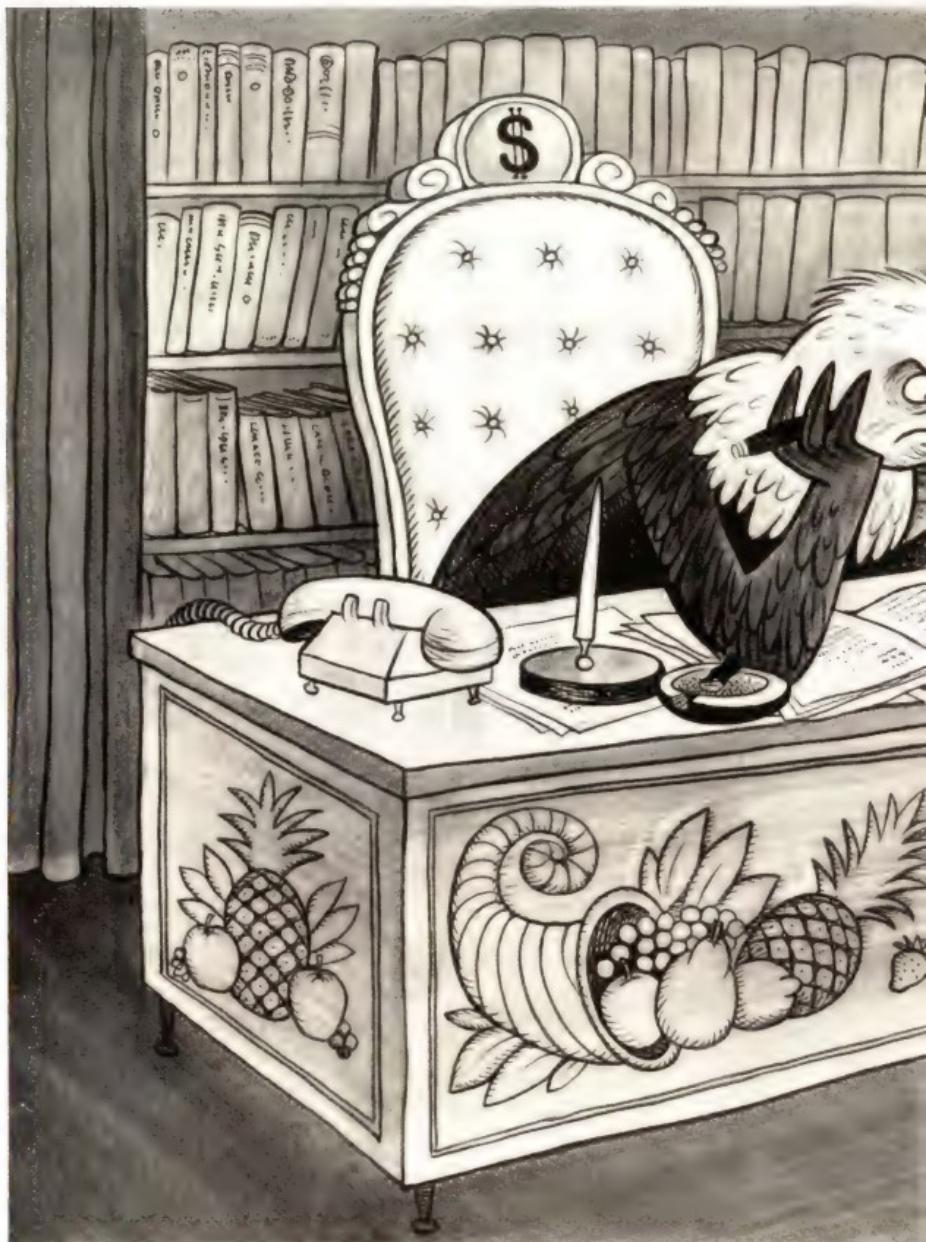
Expensive Escape. Every year, said Dr. Christensen, about 500,000 Americans get a shot of horse-serum antitoxin. Some 25,000 get a bad reaction, and about 20 die. Tetanus experts see an escape from such dangers—at a price. Two West Coast companies, Cutler Laboratories and Hyland Laboratories, are extracting tetanus antibody from human volunteers in the form of immune globulin. But the price of one shot of human serum extract ranges from \$7.50 to \$11.50, whereas the horse serum costs less than \$2.00. And even where price is no problem, an overriding handicap remains: human globulin is likely always to be in short supply.



You can remove spots with aplomb, but Calgonite prevents them.

Calgonite® gives a hand-polished look to all your machine-washed glassware, silverware and china. No spots, no streaks, no haze. And we make Calgonite to be gentle, so that fine china makers can recommend it confidently to everyone who owns pretty things. We make Calgonite sneeze-free, too . . . not a kachoo in a carload. We make it so it smells nice and doesn't leave a chlorine odor. No wonder leading dishwasher makers recommend Calgonite and sample it in their new machines. Use Calgonite in your automatic dishwasher.







WISE BIRDS in industry are keeping a mighty close watch on their profits picture these days. And sometimes they don't like what they see. Rising costs. Sluggish sales. An unhealthy sag in the profit margin.

This kind of pressure is pretty hard to take — especially if you are one of the top management team who not only sees it happening but is supposed to be doing something about it. What do you do?

KEEPING AN EAGLE EYE ON PROFITS THESE DAYS?

Thousands of businessmen in recent years, faced with this same problem, knew what to do.

After carefully studying all the factors, pro and con, they decided the modern, fast-growing South offered just what they sought for industrial growth and prosperity.

You can be sure this important decision wasn't based on guesswork or wishful thinking. Cold, proof-of-the-pudding facts determined their move. That's where Southern Railway's Industrial Development Department helped many of these industrialists and that's where it can help you.

There's no better way to get the "big picture" of the South today. Southern serves 13 states in the South and our Industrial Development Department has detailed information on thousands of communities, large and small. Your report will be confidential, impartial, comprehensive, complete. It will be custom-tailored to your needs. Call or write today for competent, courteous help. "Look Ahead — Look South!"

R.D.W. Brodman
PRESIDENT



SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

WASHINGTON, D.C.

SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH



HERO & LEANDER

Getting there is nowhere half the fun.

CUSTOMS

Love's Long Leap

Paris and Helen took off together in a glorified canoe. Mark Antony and his Egyptian lady friend floated around in a perfumed barge. Louis XIV used a carriage, and Edward VII a train. Leander swam—and drowned. Today's expense-account philanderers pursue their sinful pleasures more securely via jet.

The jet has speeded up the art of assignation in a way that would have dazzled the old-time long-distance lovers: in the time an older generation took to get to Atlantic City or Brighton, their descendants are making it to Athens or Addis Ababa. In fact, a man and his mistress no longer need live in the same city, when they can arrange their meetings a few thousand miles away from either of them.

Separate Planes. Getting there is nowhere half the fun. Many couples follow the prudent practice of flying under separate names—it looks better in case of an accident or some other untoward breach of security (though airlines have painfully learned never, never to drop an executive's wife a friendly follow-up note asking how she enjoyed her trip). Others avoid any possibility of embarrassment by taking separate planes. For expense-accounts it is, of course, cheaper to take the same plane. "It's almost becoming standard practice," explains a U.S. travel agent in Paris, "for American businessmen to reserve two tourist-class seats and charge their companies for one first-class—making up the difference out of their own pocket. And it's their wives they're taking along on those trips to Italy and Spain."

Those trips to Italy and Spain, as well as to most other European countries, present something of a hotel problem, in that police regulations usually re-

quire the desk clerk to collect the passport of each guest. This may be handled by taking separate rooms or by relying on the continental *savoir faire* of the clerk, who checks the man's passport only and waves the lady through.

Love's long leap can be confusing, too. One playboy is said to have phoned a young friend in Rio to invite her over for a weekend, neglecting to say where he was calling from. She blew into his Paris apartment half a day later, only to find that her host was in Rome. No matter. She hopped another jet, was in Rome in two hours.

Lost Hideaways. Given the time and the girl—how about the place? For West Coasters, Mexico is the most popular foreign country, but obviously Acapulco is not the best spot to avoid running into Uncle Max. This has given a certain vogue to a number of fishing villages in Baja California. But for the cognoscenti, this year's top country is Guatemala, where the most in resort is Chichicastenango ("Chichi") for real swingers.

For East Coast Americans, Paris is still the most popular place—but it is no hideaway. Indeed, it is growing increasingly difficult to find anywhere that is. Most travel agents have a few special suggestions for couples on what is euphemistically called "a second honeymoon."

Says one agent: "For long weekends, I sometimes recommend Agistri—a tiny island not far from Athens. One has to fly to Athens, take a boat to the island of Aegina, then charter another boat to Agistri. The advantage is that it's all very near Athens, so from New York or northern Europe it doesn't take too long. There's another island called Anafi, about halfway between Athens and Rhodes. But even in places like that you can't be sure these days that you won't run into somebody from your wife's garden club."

MODERN LIVING

GAMES

Brain-Busting

The U.S. seems to be getting more playful all the time: indoor games are booming. During the past 15 years, annual retail sales at the leading U.S. game manufacturer, Parker Brothers, Inc., increased about five times—\$5,000,000 to \$25 million—and the total number of games sold yearly has jumped from 3,000,000 to more than 10 million.

Why? More leisure, more education—and television. Says Parker's President Robert B. M. Barton: "TV turned out to be a blessing. It brought people back into the home again, and made them build things called 'family rooms' and 'game rooms.' " Parker's Monopoly remains the most popular patented game of all time (about 1,300,000 sets sold last year), but there is a new trend in the family rooms toward harder and harder games.

The Anatomy of Betrayal. One uncompromisingly eggedhead game-maker is a four-year-old partnership of four Harvardmen and an interloper from Yale—all with other fulltime jobs—who call themselves Games Research, Inc. Their first game was *Convention!*, which can be played by two to seven players, each of whom is trying to win the nomination for President of the U.S. Uncommitted delegates, ballots, caucuses, handwagon sentiment and demonstrations all play a part, with the smoke-filled room a policy of utter desperation.

Second—and most sophisticated—product of Games Research is *Diplomacy*. Around a 1914 map of Europe, three to seven players representing different countries try to deal and double-deal their way to control of the Continent, using fleets, armies and entangling alliances. At the start of each game, players have half an hour for private diplomacy; thereafter each



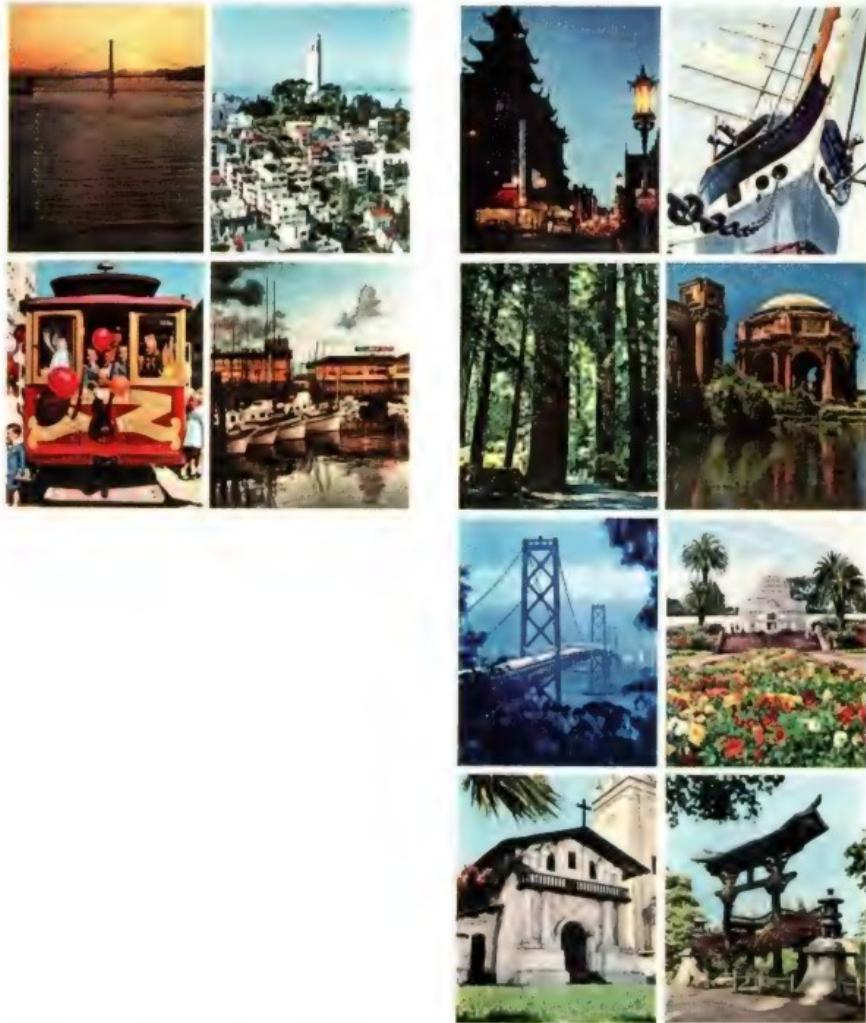
PRESIDENT MOOT (THIRD FROM LEFT) & GAMESTERS
Getting more playful all the time.



Making new hydrofoil boats fire-safe

Now skimming over the waves on sub-surface "foils" at speeds of 70 m. p. h. plus—H. S. Denison—new hydrofoil vessel built by Grumman for the U. S. Maritime Administration. Among her many safety features: Monsanto Skydrol® 7000, a specially-designed hydraulic fluid that won't ignite should it accidentally contact red-hot manifolds, exhausts, electric sparks. Another example of how Monsanto moves on many fronts to serve you. Monsanto Chemical Co., St. Louis 66, Mo.





Why to plan 3 days in San Francisco.

In three days you can get a taste of San Francisco. Sample such exotic dishes as *saltimbocca*, *shrimp tempura* and *abalone meuniere*. Visit Fisherman's Wharf. Ride an 1890 cable car. Walk across the Golden Gate Bridge. Later, you can see a stage play, a Chinese opera, or a Broadway musical. Then take

Why to plan 6.

your choice of 85 nightspots. And when it's time to go, climb Telegraph Hill and say goodbye to 2 bays, 4 islands, 5 bridges and more than a dozen cities.

If that seems like a lot to cover in 3 days—it is. And it's only part of San Francisco. To see it all, just make one change in your plans—stay a week.

For your free illustrated guide, write San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau, 1375 Market St., San Francisco 3, California

move is preceded by a 15-minute period of whispered negotiation.

Moves are made by writing "orders" to one's armies and fleets, which are exposed simultaneously, then carried out with counters. During negotiation periods, players pair off in twos and threes for whispered conversations, which, according to the directions, "usually consist of bargaining or joint military planning, but may include such things as exchanging information, denouncing, threatening, spreading rumors and so forth. The rules do not bind a player to anything he says."

"Some people can't adjust to the atmosphere of betrayal necessary," says businessman John Moot, president of Games Research. "It's a tradition that women are masterful liars, but I've found that most women playing *Diplomacy* can't bring themselves to lie, or else they are very bad at it. My wife got extremely upset the first time I doublecrossed her, and now, although she understands it intellectually, she still can't accept a betrayal emotionally."

Head Work. Newest Games Research brain game was out last week with the double-take title: *What's That on My Head?* Each player wears a crownlike card holder on his head, into which an opponent inserts three lettered cards without letting the wearer see them (mirrors must be covered before the game begins). Winner of each round is the player who is first to figure out what his letters are from his own and others' responses to a set of questions that appear on another deck of cards. Sample: "Is there any letter that is more plentiful than any other? If so, on how many heads does it appear?" (If the answer is "e, on three heads," and the player can see all three, he knows that e is not on his head. If he can see only two, he knows e is on his head.) Some other questions: "What is the greatest number of cards you see of the same letter?" "How many letters have two and only two cards showing?"

Of course, there are always spoilsports who would rather devote their energies to something simpler—like figuring out their income tax.

THE HOME

Rip, Pop, Gurgle, Plop

Feeding a baby, once one of the major agonies of having one, has been made all but automatic by the Pet Milk Co., which has produced a pre-sterilized can of formula equipped with a sterilized nipple wrapped in plastic. At feeding time nothing more is needed than to peel off the nipple, open the can, tear off the plastic, replace the nipple, and begin feeding the baby one of a choice of four formulas at room temperature. Afterward, the whole unit is thrown away. Price: six 4-oz. or four 8-oz. cans for \$1.29. Trial distribution began last week in Atlanta, Dallas and Fort Worth, with national distribution scheduled for next summer.

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



THIS IS PERHAPS as good a time of the year as any to think pretty seriously about the nature of gift giving. For instance, it seems reasonably self-evident by now that simply handing out dollars is not the way to obtain the lasting goodwill of either a man or a country.

We seem to be learning finally that gifts of knowledge and know-how, of implements and tools with which men and nations can contribute to their own future, are far more meaningful.

This is why we welcome the opportunity to take part in the new "Tools for Freedom" program, which encourages U. S. companies to donate outdated or surplus tools to schools in underdeveloped nations.

The program is designed to help these nations train their youth in basic skills which can stimulate economic growth. Such training cannot take place or is very limited without the tools that are donated through this program.

Any company should derive considerable satisfaction from its participation in this effort. Its greatest value to us, however, is that it is a gift of help to people who want help not a handout.

* * *

Rockwell engineers who specialize in the metering of liquids have encountered a wide variety of application problems over the years. Even they are staggered, however, by one rather unusual application of a Rockwell Rotocycle meter in an eastern distillery. This meter is used to measure out precisely the ingredients (on a 7-1 ratio) for martini cocktails—700 gallons at a time. The mixture is for those small bottles served by air lines and railroads.

* * *

Our long association and involvement with the nation's gas industry is one of the established roots of our business. So it was with particular satisfaction that we dedicated our new Gas Research Center recently. Located adjacent to our major Rockwell gas products manufacturing facility at DuBois, Pennsylvania, this new laboratory will be devoted to the research and development of better gas products for the control and use of this vital natural resource.

* * *

The diversified knowledge that comes from having several different lines of power tools is itself valuable in new Rockwell tool developments. The new Porter-Cable power screwdriver is a good example. It utilizes an electric motor that has proved its ruggedness in other Porter-Cable electric power tools. This motor is combined with a clutch that has proved its durability in a number of existing Buckeye air tools. So while the screwdriver is an all-new Rockwell power tool, it's really a new combination of two tested and seasoned components.

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY



STAUBACH (12) DRIVING FOR NAVY
A taste for cotton.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL "I Feel Awful Humble"

How does a coach get his team up for a game? He wheedles, he needles, and if all else fails, he sinks to his knees in solemn supplication. But when the game is Army-Navy—the bitterest of all rivalries—nobody needs to be keyed up, we CAN, WE WILL, WE MUST, read a banner at West Point. Bah! snorted Navy Coach Wayne Hardin. "We think we are the No. 1 team in the nation. We want to prove it." Army's Paul Dietzel mockingly agreed. "Don't panic," he told his players.

Panic? Army was justing for blood. The Middies had trounced the Cadets four straight years—and they were eleven-point favorites to make it five. To rub it in, Navy's gold uniforms had "Drive for Five" lettered on the back. Navy was the nation's No. 2 team. Quarterback Roger Staubach was the most talked about player in college football. Army's quarterback was a converted halfback, Rollie Stichweh, and most of the 102,000 fans in Philadelphia Stadium could not even pronounce his name (it rhymes with which way).

Then the war began—and for the first three quarters it looked as if the oddsmakers were right again. Army scored the first time it had the ball, Quarterback Stichweh slicing over from the ten after driving his team 65 yards in eleven plays. But then Navy's Staubach went to work—on the ground, not in the air. Sending Fullback Pat Donnelly rippling through the line, throwing just enough to keep the defense honest, Staubach put together three drives of 47, 80, and 91 yards, capping each with a touchdown by Donnelly. With ten minutes left to play, the score was Navy 21, Army 7.

Get That Ball! Nobody could have imagined what was going to happen next. Outmaneuvered for most of the game, the Cadets inexplicably reared up with a fury that stunned the complacent

SPORT

Middies. Delicately, deliberately, Quarterback Stichweh dismembered the Navy defense. When Navy beefed up its flanks, he sent Halfback Kenny Waldrop cracking off tackle for big yardage. When the Middies stacked the middle, Stichweh scampered around end. From the Navy five, Stichweh rolled out to his right and launched himself into the air: six points. He rolled out again, this time to the left: a two-point conversion that made it 21-15: a touchdown would tie, an extra point would win—but first Army had to get the ball. The Cadets gambled on an onside kick: Quarterback Stichweh grabbed the ball on the Navy 49.

Now Army's greatest enemy was the clock. There were still six minutes left—plenty of time for a team to travel 49 yrs. with time-outs and sideline passes to stop the clock. But Army had no time-outs left, and Stichweh was no passer. Steadily, Army marched down the field; relentlessly, the seconds and minutes ticked off. "Touchdown! Touchdown!" Army rooters screamed. "Stop them! Stop them!" pleaded the Navy stands. With a third down on the Navy four and less than one minute on the clock, the Army team could not hear Stichweh's signals. The referee called time-out—in the meantime Army lost 20 seconds. When play resumed, Halfback Waldrop barreled to the two. Now there were 16 seconds left. Quickly, Army lined up. Once more, the din drowned Stichweh's signals. Once more, he pleaded for silence. Bang! The game was over.

"We've Got a Game." For the first time in months, Navy's Hardin was a subdued coach. "I feel awful humble," he muttered. "You just can't crow over a game like this." But then after the trembles wore off, Navy got quivers of anticipation. Hardin escorted Felix McKnight, chairman of the Cotton Bowl selection committee, into the dressing room. "Men," said Hardin, "we've been invited to the Cotton Bowl. Do you want to go?" A roaring cheer rattled the lockers. "Good!" said McKnight. "We've got a game." And what a game. Navy's opponent: No. 1-ranked Texas.

PRO FOOTBALL

Siren Song

"Grand opportunities for young men," beckoned the ads. "Be a TV celebrity." "See the country." One outfit's brochure promised a salary "double that of the average U.S. working man." A rival offered free life insurance (up to \$20,000 worth), free medical coverage, bonuses (up to \$6,700 a year) and retirement pensions (up to \$821 a month). "Statistics show," it warned archly, "that out of every 100 people who reach the age of 65, 84 are flat broke, eight are weak financially, six are comfortable, and two are well



STICHWEH (16) SCORING FOR ARMY
A lust for blood.

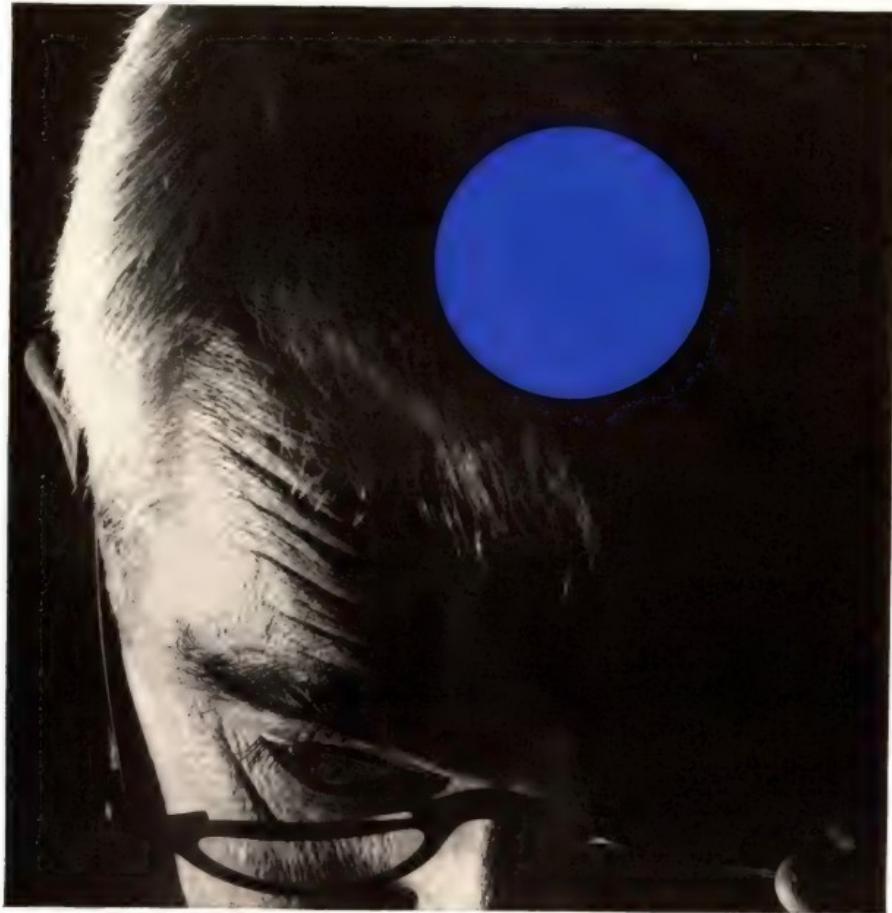
off." Sign on the dotted line and "be one of the two."

It sounded like a talent hunt for rocket engineers. But this was pro football, at draft time, when the two leagues work up a lather over graduating college stars. In Manhattan, the American Football League drafted 160 players; in Chicago, the National Football League drafted 280—in a marathon session that started at 9:04 one morning, lasted until 6:47 the next.

The Dallas Cowboys delayed the N.F.L. proceedings for 2½ hours, awaiting a doctor's report on Oregon Halfback Mel Renfro, who had cut his wrist on a mirror—and drafted Texas Tackle Scott Appleton instead. Coaches cackled happily when they landed a prospect that the opposition had overlooked. "I like this kid," said Green Bay's Vince Lombardi of his 14th-round choice, Northwestern End Tom O'Grady. "When you talk to him, his eyes light up. Besides, he's six-four, weighs 205 and runs the 100 in 9.9."

Money flowed like ballpark beer, and college stars gleefully acted as their own auctioneers. The Detroit Lions lost Southern Cal Quarterback Pete Beathard, their No. 1 draft choice, to the A.F.L.'s Kansas City Chiefs. The Chiefs gave Beathard a \$15,000 bonus for signing, a \$20,000 contract, stock in a pay-TV company, a new car and a rent-free apartment.

That would be enough to set any young man's head awry. But for Beathard, as for most rookies, a "career" in pro football may mean nothing more than sitting miserably on the bench, or maybe a spot on the kickoff "suicide squad." Occasionally, a rookie hits it big. But for every one who does, there are many more like Ralph Giuglielmi, bouncing around four pro clubs in seven years, wishing he had never listened to all that hoopla about glamour and success. The "old pro" may be a cliché, but he is also a fact: only one out of eight rookies wins a starter's job.



Before you buy insurance look into the 'Blue Chip' company
that's low in net cost, too

Take two life policies. On the surface: same benefits and cost. But a closer look shows one gives you many additional values—if it's written with Connecticut Mutual. That's the finding of astute men who have analyzed and compared. For this 117-year-old institution has a record for investing most profitably. Our higher earnings come back to policyholders in higher dividends. This reduces insurance cost. Now add to low net cost the counseling services of professional insurance men, company-trained to serve you. And add to that a choice of more than 90 generous benefits and options to suit your own personal needs. It all adds up to insurance well worth looking into—CML Blue Chip insurance. Low in cost, but second to none in value.

Connecticut Mutual Life

INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD AND 300 OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST



GLUECK PUSHING JEEP IN NEGEV
He has eaten his own weight in sand and lost 1,000 lbs.

SCIENCE

ARCHAEOLOGY

The Shards of History

[See Cover]

Even as his spaceships reach toward the future and the stars, modern man is more concerned than ever with his past on his own planet. From China to Peru, diggers are everywhere. And nowhere are they busier than in the ancient heartland of the Near East, where Western culture was born.

The pick-and-shovel brigades have invaded Gibeon, where once the sun stood still for Joshua; painstakingly they have probed for the ruins of Gordian, capital of Phrygia, where poor King Midas saw his concubines turn to gold at his touch. The city of Ephesus, sacred to the goddess Artemis, and Aphrodisias, sacred to Aphrodite, are yielding their age-old secrets. The remnants of Hatra, destroyed long ago by the Persians, have been recovered from the debris of centuries. Samaria is being excavated—that lovely capital of Abbasside caliphs, who ruled over the Near East during Europe's dark ages.

Everywhere archaeologists, armed with all the advantages of modern science, are extending the geography of history. Aerial cameras detect the faint outlines of long-demolished walls; delicate airborne magnetometers ferret out forgotten fortifications; measurements of minute bits of carbon establish accurate dates back beyond any written record. Mummies are submitted to autopsy for a knowledge of ancient diseases. Fossilized grains of pollen testify to the climate in which they grew. Re-used writing materials, called palimpsests, are irradiated with ultraviolet light and reveal words that were erased thousands of years ago.

The techniques are exceedingly deli-

cate; the skills required are highly specialized. Modern archaeology has developed into an intricate and cooperative effort as its practitioners have gathered a vast new library of information about the dim background of civilization. The current fashion is to work in tight teams, with experts at hand to debate every judgment. Yet for all the advantages of a burgeoning technology, the man who uses it gadgets least and operates most often as a solo scientist has contributed outstandingly to the expanding knowledge of the past.

To Scholar-Adventurer-Rabbi Nelson Glueck, 63, archaeology is less a matter of digging than it is of discerning. It is less large projects of reconstruction than it is large efforts of imagination and even larger exercises of scholarship. It is a provocative amalgam of insight and adventure. It is the art of finding an inch-long fragment of pottery on the dull grey desert, and it is the art of seeing a whole camp site in the broken shard. It is the ability to hold that relic in the hand and hear in the mind's ear an echo of some forgotten language, almost understood.

Mists of Morning. At a time when archaeology is so dependent on so many disciplines, Glueck's individual achievement seems almost paradoxical. But paradox is the measure of the man. He is a rabbi who has never served a congregation, but who, speaking partly in Hebrew, delivered the benediction—"May the Lord be gracious unto thee"—at President John F. Kennedy's inauguration. He is president of Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College, but as an educator he spends much of his time thousands of miles from his classrooms. As an archaeologist he leans heavily on a source that many an expert considers undependable: the Old Testament stories

that to Nelson Glueck make up "the amazing historical memory of the Bible."

Bible in hand, Glueck has ranged the Holy Land off and on for 36 years. "Out on the desert," he says, "there is sometimes so much mist in the morning that you cannot travel. You have to wait for the sun to burn it off. To me, archaeology is like burning the mist off the Bible." His work, he hastens to add, is far from an effort to use archaeology to prove the existence of God. Even to try, he believes, would be to "confuse fact with faith, history with holiness, science with religion." To him, the Bible is an indispensable guide as he goes about his work of filling blank areas on the world's historical maps and bringing lost nations to vivid life.

With the Bible's help Glueck has discovered more than 1,000 ancient sites in Transjordan and 500 more in the Negev. He has won fresh understanding of the age of Abraham and set a firmer date for the Exodus; he has clarified the socio-economic history of the Judean kings and filled out man's scanty knowledge of the once-thriving kingdom of the Nabataeans. He has located the long-lost copper mines of King Solomon and accurately spotted the site of Solomon's port on the Red Sea. Most important of all, he has found in the parched Negev a promise of space for the constricted nation of Israel.

Extraordinary Book. Dr. Glueck is quick to insist that for all his accomplishment, his work touches only one aspect of archaeology's many-sided search for man's past. Until rather recently, history began with Herodotus, who wrote in Greece about 450 B.C. But great civilizations rose and fell long before the Greeks, and were forgotten except for legend.

The one great breach in the wall of silence about the ancient world is the Old Testament. This extraordinary book pulses with the record of stirring events that took place 1,500 years before Herodotus. Armies march and kings conspire in its lively pages. Prophets thunder their warnings; courtiers and diplomats conspire subtly. Commoners love and hate, worship and sin, bear children and tend their vineyards.

In many ways the Palestine of the Old Testament is the world's most interesting focus of early history. It cannot match the magnificent ruins of Egypt and Mesopotamia, but it was always a corridor between those great centers and was deeply affected by both of them. Armies from east and west marched back and forth, and with them came languages and art forms, gods and ideas. This cross-fertilization may explain why the small, poor land of Palestine is the source of two of the world's great religions, Christianity and Judaism, and sacred to still a third, Mohammadanism.

The Holy Land is encrusted with ruins. Ancient fortresses crown its hills and ancient roads wind among them.

UNEARTHING THE PAST: A Decade of Discoveries



CULT MASK & POTTER'S WHEEL are mute evidence of sack of Hazor, near Sea of Galilee, in 13th century B.C., about time of Joshua, who, the Bible says, "took Hazor and

smote the king thereof with the sword." City, excavated by Israeli Soldier-turned-Archaeologist Yigael Yadin, boasted 40,000 dwellers in Solomon's time. Site is Israel's biggest dig.

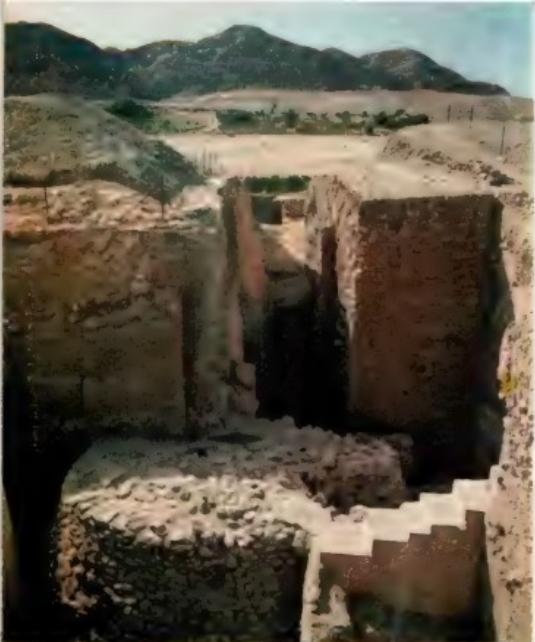


JERUSALEM'S earliest settlement on Ophel Ridge is being uncovered by Oxford's Kathleen Kenyon, famous for Jericho excavation (*below*).



POOL OF GIBEON, where Joab's men slew Abner's, was discovered at El-Jib, eight miles north of Jerusalem,

in 1956 by University of Pennsylvania's Museum. Well, measuring 37 ft. across, has total of 158 stone steps.



WALLS OF JERICHO incorporated massive tower (center), which carbon-14 dating places

around 7000 B.C. The later walls existing in Joshua's time have long since eroded away.

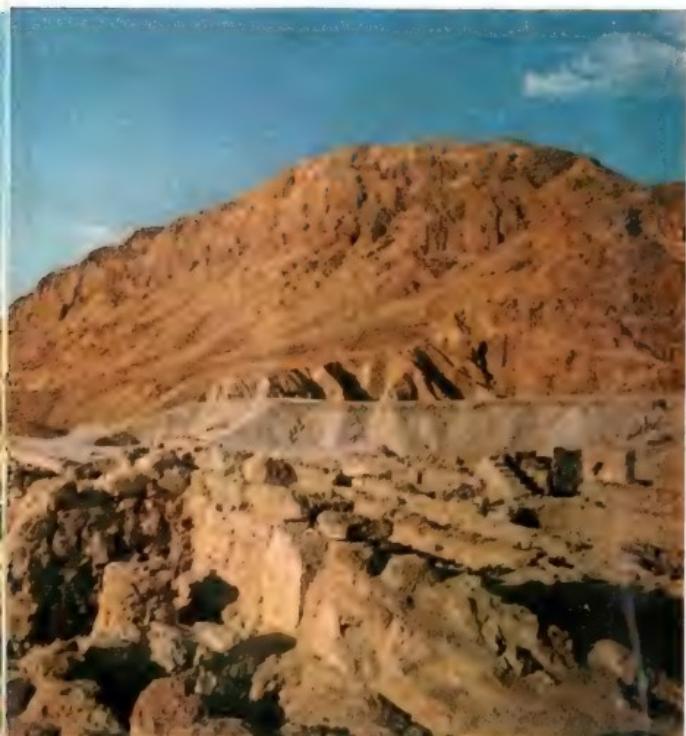




PONTIUS PILATE'S name on dedication stone for Tiberium in Caesarea, found in 1961, is first archaeological proof of Pilate. Letters give his title as Praefectus Iudeae.



GALILEAN SYNAGOGUE of 4th century A.D. was uncovered in 1963 at Tiberias. Mosaics depict folded palm branch, citron, candelabrum, ram's horn, incense shovel, ark.



DEAD SEA SCROLL containing "Manual of Discipline" is studied in Jerusalem by French Archaeologist Father de Vaux.

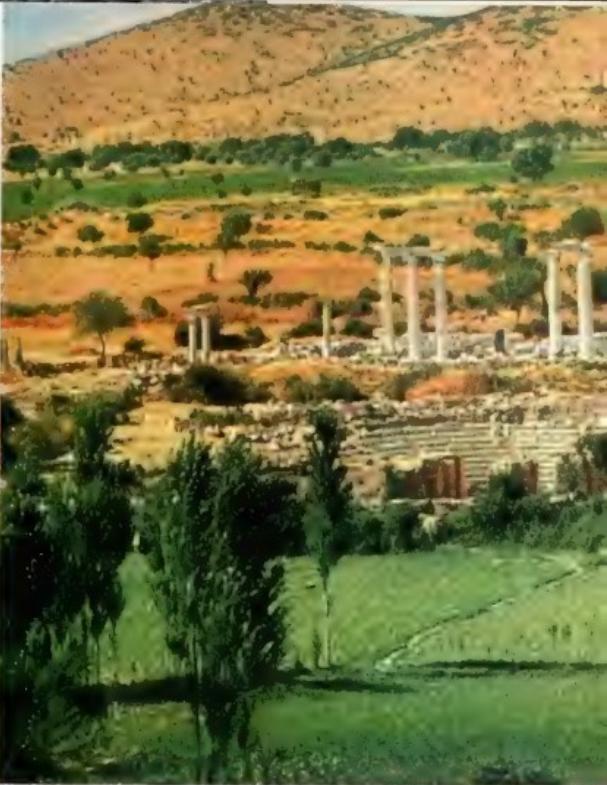
ESSENE MONASTERY near Dead Sea (visible at left) was destroyed by Romans in 68 A.D. Dig uncovered scriptorium; scrolls were cached in hills.

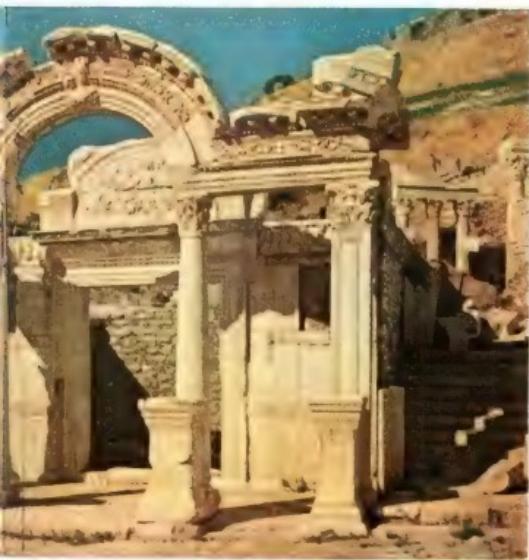
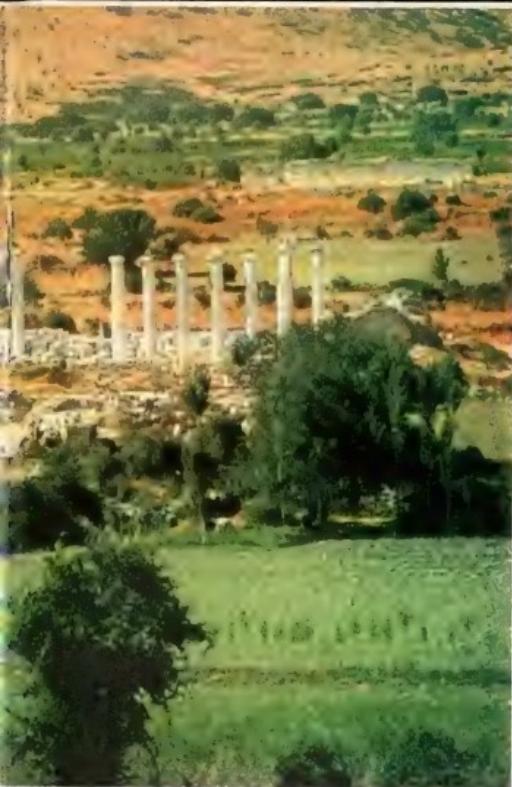
APHRODISIAS was city in Turkey devoted to cult of love goddess. Semicircular odeon seating 450 (center) was excavated last summer by New York University's Kenan Erim. Beyond standing columns of Aphrodite's temple is stadium for 27,000.



APHRODITE of Aphrodisias, 10 ft. tall, was found in 1962, broken by Christians and buried in town's wall.

MOTHER GODDESS of 6000 B.C. was found by Britisher James Mellaart at Catal Huyuk, Turkey. Cult of this fertility figure covered Asia Minor.





ARTEMIS OF EPHESUS, whose name was the rallying cry of silversmiths against Paul, is represented by 12-ft. statue festooned with ostrich eggs. She was found by Austrians in 1957 in ruins of town hall.

HADRIAN'S TEMPLE at Ephesus was dedicated to Artemis. Site, excavated and partially restored by Austrian Institute of Archaeology, has Phrygian Goddess Cybele on first arch, Medusa on tympanum. Behind shrine were baths, donated by Skolastikia, a Christian lady, in the 4th century A.D.



BURIAL GIFTS were found in tomb after 27 centuries at Gordian, in central Turkey. 8th century B.C. capital of Phrygian Kings Gordios and Midas.



KING MIDAS, famed for his golden touch, was sculpted with ass's ears four centuries after his reign.



QUEEN'S BLESSING is bestowed by regal statue in courtyard at Hatra, caravan capital that flourished three centuries, then was destroyed in A.D. 240.



HATRA, largest, most ambitious excavation in Iraq, is slowly emerging as splendid city whose four miles of walls twice withstood Roman sieges. View is from tomb, past shepherds, toward gates.



GORDION, Phrygian capital four times size of Homer's Troy, is overseen by Pennsylvania's Rodney Young. In the distance is tomb mound.



OLDEST ALPHABET was found in forgotten Syrian city of Ugarit. Clay tablet dates from 14th century B.C. and numbers 30 characters.



EARLY THEOREM, predating Pythagoras by some 500 years, was uncovered in Iraq in 1962.



COLOSSAL HEADS of eagle, Antiochus I. Herakles and Fortuna are from full figures by 1st century B.C. king's cairn on Nemrud Dagh, Turkey, being dug by Theresa Goell.

CALIPH'S MINARET, inspired by ziggurat at Ur, marks Samarra, royal city in 9th century A.D. when court moved from Baghdad. Iraqis are restoring mural.



The fields are full of the pottery fragments that archaeologists call potsherds. Rising above the plains stand the curious, flat-topped mounds called tells, which are the corpses of long-dead cities. Early diggers, many of them hardly more than treasure hunters, found little meaning in this hodgepodge of antiquity. Without inscriptions it was almost impossible to identify the various levels of occupation piled one upon another as the centuries passed. Late Moslem ruins were hailed as belonging to the time of Jesus; crusaders' strongholds were attributed to King David.

High Interest. One of the first efforts to set up an accurate system for dating Holy Land ruins was made by Johns Hopkins Professor William Foxwell Albright, dean of Palestinian archaeology. As head of Palestine's American School of Oriental Research in the 1920s, Albright began the monumental task of classifying Palestinian potsherds, sorting them out by curvature, thickness, color, material—hundreds of different variations. Fragments found near coins or a rare bit of writing could be placed accurately in time. And with those bench marks other layers of a tell could be properly located in history.

Albright was well into his work in 1927 when Nelson Glueck arrived at the institute as a student. The young scholar seemed already engaged in a determined effort to escape the rabbinate for which he had been trained. He had entered Hebrew Union College at 14, earned a B.H.L. (Bachelor of Hebrew Literature), and gone on to get a B.A. from the University of Cincinnati. He was ordained in 1923, but instead of taking a pulpit he took off for Germany. Shifting from university to university in the continental manner, Glueck studied Eastern lore at Heidelberg and Berlin, got a Ph.D. at Jena with a formidable thesis entitled *Das Wort Hesed im alttestamentlichen Sprachgebrauch* (The Word Grace in Old Testament Usage). Then he returned to Berlin to study Assyrian and Ethiopic. He was already feeling that the archaeology of the Bible would be his life's high interest.

In Palestine, Glueck recognized at once the magic of Albright's system. For three years he served as his professor's pottery man, labeling, studying and endlessly discussing every potsherd from Albright's excavations. He acquired an uncanny feeling for these humble trifles. He could tell at a glance whether a fragment came from a Nabataean water bottle or a cooking pot from the days of Joshua. He still has this ability, and when he picks up a potsherd, he handles it as tenderly as a Chinese estheticist caressing a piece of jade. "Pottery is man's most enduring material," he says with emotion. "Wood disappears, stone crumbles, glass decays, metal corrodes. Only pottery lasts forever."

Even while he was learning the pottery code, the young rabbi kept coming back to the historical cadences of the Hebrew Old Testament. He planned his

first ambitious explorations in Moab, Edom, Ammon, and the wild desert haunts of the Kenites and Midianites. Nothing could sway his purpose.

He went home in 1931 to marry Helen Ranshof Iglauer, a medical student at the University of Cincinnati who is now a professor of medicine there. Albright had made him head of the American School by then, but neither marriage nor administrative duties kept him from his project. He brought his bride to Jerusalem, parked her there, and in the summer of 1932 he set out for the East on camelback. He took one Arab companion and a Hebrew Bible.

Desert Etiquette. Those were wild years in Palestine, as the Jews and Arabs warmed up for full-scale war. Shots rang in the narrow streets of Jerusalem; machine guns chattered be-



PROFESSOR ALBRIGHT

The tells tell.

yond the Judean hills. It was not time for an unarmed rabbi to go exploring in Arab country, but Glueck was never questioned about his religion. "That a Jew should wander by himself in Transjordan," he says, "was so unheard of that no one thought to ask."

He was always careful to observe the strict rules of desert etiquette. "When you come into Bedouin territory," he explains, "you've got to find their camp and check in. You ask for the sheik and tell him who you are and what you're up to. He's almost always friendly, usually too friendly. He has his people prepare a tremendous feast, just as Abraham killed a calf for his guests. You sit around the fire, stuffed with food and talking endlessly. Then you are taken to the guest tent and covered against the cold with the tribe's best blankets. Your hosts mean well, but the food is sometimes odd—sheep's eyes are something I never got used to. And the blankets are full of bedbugs. A guest of the Bedouins always gets covered with bites."

And if keeping peace with the Arabs had its elements of unpleasantries, coming to terms with the desert itself was every bit as difficult. Over the course of his archaeological career, Glueck estimates, he has eaten his own weight in sand. Recurrently parched and hungry, he figures that he has lost a cumulative total of 1,000 lbs. But the slim rabbi with the emphatic eyebrows always emerged from his Bedouin robes in perfect health.

Once Glueck won the freedom of the desert, though, he found himself in an archaeological paradise. He wandered through the ancient lands on the far side of the Jordan, Bible in hand, and everywhere he found traces of ancient people. Usually potsherds told him who they were. Other explorers may have reported a ruined fortress on a hill and a low tell beyond it. If inscriptions were lacking, as they generally were, only vague guesses, based on general appearance, could set the age of the find. Glueck was the first to determine that the fort was built in the reign of a specific king of Judah, or that the tell dated from the age of Abraham, perhaps 1,300 years earlier. All that he needed was a look at the potsherds; sometimes he could identify them from the altitude of a camel back.

How Did They Live? As his experience increased, Glueck developed an almost infallible knack for finding sites of ancient communities. First he looked for springs or waterholes. In that dusty land, every source of water is sure to attract settlers. He also followed the trails of modern Bedouins. "The country has not changed," he says, "so they still use the same paths that were followed in ancient times." He kept asking himself how they lived. "Were there caravan routes going through? You have to have a good reason for each settlement."

And always there was the evidence of the Bible. The Old Testament names numerous "cities," tells roughly where they stood, and suggests where to look for more. When the Israelites under Moses were pressing toward the Promised Land, they asked permission to pass through Edom and Moab on the shore of the Dead Sea, promising to stay on the "king's highway" and not to drink the water of the country. Still the King of Edom refused, forcing the Israelites to detour through the dangerous eastern desert.

Edom and Moab were almost uninhabited when Glueck started his survey, but he was sure that if they were strong enough at the time of the Exodus to repel the redoubtable Israelites, they must have been well armed and well organized. Just where he had expected, the adventurous archaeologist found the towns, blockhouses and frontier fortresses of shadowy Edom and Moab. He identified them by the pottery code and set a date for each settlement within a few score years.

Summer after summer Glueck returned to find and date hundreds of

such sites, and to his growing amazement he noted that none contained types of pottery older than 1300 B.C., and therefore the sites themselves could not be older. The date of the Exodus, deduced from legend and doubtful Egyptian records, has often been given as early as 1500 B.C. But Glueck's potsherds proved that at that time the Israelites could have marched through Edom and Moab with hardly any opposition. If Edom was too strong for them, as the Bible says, they must have arrived at a time that was no earlier than 1300 B.C.

Surface Man. Throughout his explorations, Glueck remained a "surface man," which means that he covered large areas, guided by reason, tradition and literary clues, and learned what he could from surface finds. The "digger"

level. Only their potsherds have survived, all ages and types mingled together, their edges rounded like pebbles on a beach. Glueck found many such sites with nothing but quantities of potsherds spread thickly on the ground. Beneath them was barren earth. By studying the potsherds he could decide when the city was founded, when it was abandoned, and what sort of people lived in it. Years of patient digging would have told him no more.

Occasionally the Bible led him to a site that demanded digging. He had long been fascinated by a verse describing the Promised Land as a place "whose stones are iron and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." The word brass seems to be a mistranslation for copper, and though Palestine was not noted for producing the metal, Glueck trusted his Biblical Baedeker and kept looking for signs of ancient copper mining.

First clues came when he led an expedition into the Wadi el 'Araba, the great desert depression that leads south from the Dead Sea toward the Gulf of Aqaba. It is a fearful place, whipped by sandstorms and almost waterless, but the foothills to the east are crowned by fortresses, many of them, to judge by their pottery, dating from the time of King Solomon (961 to 922 B.C.). Glueck wondered why Solomon, so renowned for wisdom, valued this barren waste so highly. Then the Bedouins told him about a place called Khirbet Nahas—literally "copper ruin." The name, the Arabs said, had been told to them by their fathers. They did not know what it signified.

Glueck and his companions knew as soon as they saw the place, Khirbet Nahas, now in Jordan, was the center of a mining and smelting complex, part of which can be traced back to the Early Bronze Age. Most of the crude furnaces and miners' huts were built during the Iron Age, which includes the time of Solomon. The large amount of slag proves that copper was smelted there in quantity, making the place well worth protecting with a chain of forts.

Apes & Peacocks. Another favorite passage in Glueck's guidebook spoke of Solomon's seaport: "And King Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea in the land of Edom." The Queen of Sheba presumably passed through Ezion-geber on her visit to Solomon, and every three years a fleet of merchant ships brought "gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."

There are many archaeological sites at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba, the eastern branch of the Red Sea, but no one knew which, if any, was Solomon's seaport. A German explorer, Fritz Frank, discovered a low mound called Tell el Khalifa that seemed to fit the requirements. But Frank had no way of backing up his guess. When Glueck came along, he quickly satisfied himself by means of the pottery code that the tell was indeed Solomonic. But why was it built in such an unpleasant place, where

water is scarce and a tremendous wind, often laden with sand, roars down the wadi? A brief investigation brought the answer: Ezion-geber was only incidentally a seaport. It was principally an elaborate copper smelter built to use the blast effect of the prevailing wind.

On the spot, Glueck turned temporarily from a surface man to a dogged digger. Financed by grants from the American Philosophical Society and the Smithsonian Institution, he braved the heat and the dust storms to excavate the smelter. The buildings that he revealed are probably the best examples of early industrialism. The massive walls of the smelter are pierced with intricate holes and channels through which the wind still whistles.

Well-Covered Spy. By the time Glueck finished his dig, World War II was raging, and he barely managed to get his share of the finds shipped back to the U.S. He followed later, via Bombay and Cape Town, and reconciled himself to staying out of the Near East for the duration. But a few months after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he got a telephone summons to appear in Washington without delay. By lunchtime the next day he was working for General "Wild Bill" Donovan's Office of Strategic Services. He took a quick course in how to handle codes, and soon he was on his way back to Transjordan. "I had the best cover of any spy," he says, "because it was real. I went on doing what I had always done. I would investigate five to ten archaeological sites per day, then find the nearest Arab encampment."

During the long evening gabfests he got all the local news, sounded out Arab public opinion, watched for Nazi spies, kept track of the rather secretive British. For "archaeological purposes" he even managed to borrow the best British air photos of Transjordan, and got them copied for the OSS. "I was supposed to play some sort of Lawrence of Arabia role," he says. "I knew all about the country, so I would have been invaluable if we had landed troops there. But we did not."

With archaeology at a standstill in most of the rest of the world, Glueck made good use of the war years. He mapped Transjordan more thoroughly than it had ever been mapped before, listing 1,200 archaeological sites. He completed his survey in 1947, just as strife between Arabs and Jews was becoming so fierce that even the most disarming rabbi could not travel safely in Arab country. Glueck went back to his intermittent professor's job at Hebrew Union College, where he was promptly elected head of the board of governors. He did not resist: H.U.C. is probably the only college in the world that can be governed from the back of a camel 8,000 miles away.

Oldest on Earth. With the war over and the world quieting down, archaeology everywhere made a tremendous spurt forward. Its findings rivaled the great discoveries of the 19th century,



PROFESSOR PRITCHARD & POT
As if it were made of gold.

school deplores this approach as superficial. Nothing counts, say the diggers, until the careful, laborious toil of excavation has extracted every droplet of evidence. To the strict diggers, the educated estimates of the surface men are all too fallible. The balanced truth is that each method has advantages, depending on the nature of the country and the sites.

Some Palestinian tells are 70 ft. thick and contain dozens of different layers of debris. Obviously little can be learned about them by looking only at their surfaces; they are the proper hunting grounds of diggers, who work back through the slow accretion of years. But in arid regions, where the tells are bare of vegetation, they erode faster, and the desert wind carries their dust away. In Jordan and southern Palestine there are tells that have worn to ground

when the great names of Sir Flinders Petrie and Heinrich Schliemann were synonymous with the discovery of whole civilizations that had been almost or wholly forgotten. During the iron age of the two World Wars, the "hard" sciences built around physics and electronics had taken the center of the stage. Now there was time and safety for search again. Out of the soil came fertility goddesses, the pinup girls of Neolithic times. With them came samples of the earliest-known alphabet. In Galilee the diggers found a mosaic synagogue floor and nearby the inscribed name of Pontius Pilate. At Nemrud Dagh in Turkey they found colossal stone heads of kings, gods and their animal companions.

Some advances were not directly the work of archaeologists. The Dead Sea scrolls were accidental treasure found by curious Arabs poking into Judean caves. Great strides in desert exploration were made possible by the war-derived Jeep, which carries more than a camel, goes faster and farther and consumes even less water. In Palestine the meticulous diggers began their attacks on the great tells. The work is still going on, with new finances and all the newest methods. Instead of burrowing at random or clearing away whole levels by main force, the diggers like to sink small test shafts and dig narrow preliminary trenches. Then they lay out promising areas in checkerboard squares and dig shafts in each square, leaving solid partitions of untouched material in between. Every object found is recorded and photographed. Potsherds are collected as greedily as if they were golden coins. As the shafts go down through thousands of years of occupancy, segments of each ancient wall and floor are left in the partitions where they can be used for continual checking.

University of Pennsylvania Professor James B. Pritchard made spectacular use of this laborious method at a tell just north of Jerusalem. There Pritchard proved that the modern Arab village of El-Jib is Gibeon, the place where Joshua smote the Amorites. Another extraordinary dig was at Jericho north of the Dead Sea, where Oxford's formidable Kathleen Kenyon used the latest methods on a tell that had been inhabited for 5,500 years before Joshua blew the trumpets that made its walls fall down.

Down went Miss Kenyon too, to the bottom of the tell where she found a Neolithic town with regular buildings and defensive walls which carbon 14 proved to have been built in Jericho's green oasis as early as 6800 B.C. This is 3,400 years before the first dynasty in Egypt. It makes Jericho the oldest known town on earth.

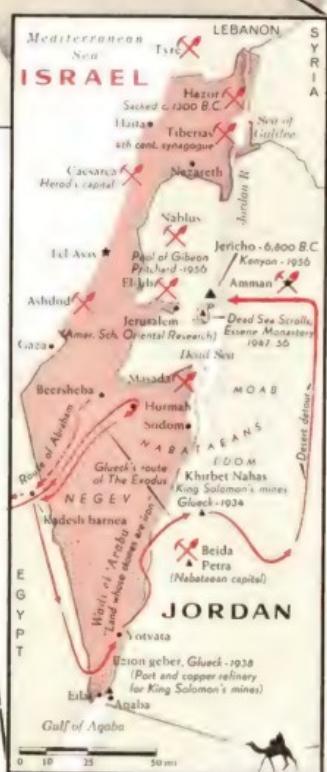
One of the most interesting of the postwar digs was conducted by Professor Robert Braidwood of the University of Chicago, whose longtime project has been to search for evidence



of the great moment when the first men turned from wandering hunters to settled farmers. This invention of agriculture was the take-off point for human civilization—before it, all was savagery. Apparently the big switch may have come 12,000 years ago in northern Iraq, where Braidwood found a primitive agricultural hamlet, which he calls Jarmo.

Homesick for the Desert. All over the earth the quest has spread for undiscovered chapters of man's history. The wonder is that in the spite of technical activity a place remains for a pure surface man like Glueck. But he has earned that place many times over. After the partition of Palestine between Israel and Jordan in 1948, the Holy Land calmed down a bit and Glueck took stock. He liked the job of college president and had made a great success of it. Hebrew Union College is now a plush and prosperous institution. It has merged with New York's Jewish Institute of Religion and has sprouted outposts in Los Angeles and Jerusalem. The Cincinnati campus is now dominated by its graduate school, which has more Christian than Jewish students and is the recognized U.S. center for Semitic studies.

For all his devotion to Cincinnati, his wife and his son Jonathan, Glueck was still homesick for the desert; he longed to finger potsherds again, squint into the setting sun for the shadows of ancient trails, feel the Bible come alive in his hand as he walked over Biblical



lands. But settled parts of Israel were not his style; he did not like routine digging. And he could no longer explore in Arab territory. Jordan officials still denounce him as a spy who mapped their country to help Israeli invaders.

One place was left: the Negev, the barren southern half of Israel, which juts like an isosceles triangle with its apex on the Gulf of Aqaba. In the Negev, Glueck saw a chance to use archaeology to influence the future of Israel by revealing the history of its distant past.

When modern Israel was born, the Negev was a barren waste supporting only a tiny population of hungry Bedouins. But it had not always been so empty. Everywhere were the relics of ancient people: mounds, forts, roads, wells and walled fields. The common explanation was that the climate had got drier, turning a once fertile country into desert. But Glueck was not convinced. During his long, painstaking exploration of neighboring Transjordan, he had looked for evidence of climatic change and found none. Instead he found evidence that the country had been fairly thickly settled during periods of political stability. After invaders swept through, its people turned back to the life of nomads and were dominated for centuries by wild tribes from the Arabian Desert. Then a new civilization took hold of the land again and repopulated it. If this happened in Transjordan, he reasoned, it probably happened in the Negev too.

Once more the Old Testament backed him up. Careful reading of the *Book of Genesis* shows that Abraham and the other Hebrew patriarchs were not real Bedouins. For one thing, camels had not yet been domesticated; long journeys over waterless stretches were not as easy as in more recent times. The patriarchs grazed their cattle, sheep and goats on the edge of agricultural country, getting water from the farmers, doing a little farming themselves, and trading wool, cheese and other pastoral products for grain and manufactured articles.

If this was the way that Abraham lived, and the historical memory of the Bible says that it was, the patriarch must have found well-populated country in the Negev all the way to Egypt. He traveled there on foot without difficulty. What happened to those inhabitants of the ancient Negev? asked Glueck. He suspected that invaders periodically wiped them out or pushed them back into nomadism, just as in Transjordan.

In 1952, with the enthusiastic help of the young Israeli government, Glueck began a mile-by-mile survey of the Negev. He could no longer move about unarmed; the local Bedouins were no menace, but armed Arab infiltrators were constantly crossing Israel's borders rigged for murder and sabotage. Glueck was forced to travel with a patrol of



ARTHUR T. THOMAS

GLUECK & WIFE AT HOME
Discerning is as important as digging.

15 to 20 Israeli soldiers armed with rifles, machine guns and hand grenades, and equipped with radios to call for help when needed.

Glueck never learned to like a military escort, but he made the best of the situation by picking his guards from the Israeli army's large supply of passionate amateur archaeologists. From the first, his survey showed what he had hoped: that the Negev had been inhabited at many periods of history. It was never thickly settled, but everywhere there was evidence that its population had built up periodically in times of political stability. Then came war and disorder, and the Negev declined into nomadism. Probably its highest point came when a talented Arabian people, the Nabataeans, moved in from Transjordan just before the start of the Christian era.

Glueck discovered relics of the Nabataeans and became fascinated with them. Except for their famous capital, Petra. Poet John William Burgoon's "rose-red city half as old as time," the Nabataeans were almost unknown, but they had prospered mightily. Their cities, roads and forts were all over Transjordan. They knew how to make the most of a water-short land, and when they moved into the Negev, they outdid themselves. Glueck often found their elaborate water systems almost intact, though seldom used or recognized by the modern inhabitants.

Concentrating Rain. Most of the Negev gets less than 6 in. of rain per year, and it usually comes in winter in short, sudden downpours. It does not sink into the hard ground; it pours into the dry wadies, sometimes foaming all the way to the Mediterranean. The best way to

make practical use of this sort of rainfall is to concentrate the water as much as possible where it will do the most good—which is exactly what the Nabataeans did in the Negev. The more Glueck studied their works, the more he admired their industry and engineering skill.

The basic Nabataean trick was to throw stone walls across the wadies to delay flash floods. Trapped by the walls, the water sank into the ground, depositing salt that built up fertile soil. To trap even more water, the Nabataeans built good-sized stone dams across the larger wadies: they cut channels along hilltops to divert water to fields that could use it best. To supply water for man and beast during the hot summer when no rain fell, they carved enormous cisterns in the rock and made them watertight with many layers of plaster. These cisterns still exist by the thousands and are only waiting to be cleaned out. Glueck considers them more dependable than the common Israeli pipelines, which can be cut by Arab saboteurs.

Guided by Glueck's creative archaeology, young pioneers from the cramped nation of Israel are already putting the Nabataean waterworks back into use, repairing the dams, cleaning out the cisterns, planting crops in the walled fields. The population there is rising, even beyond the ends of the spreading pipelines. Some day it may pass the level that it reached at the time of Abraham.

More than Life. But no such triumphs are enough to contain the 63-year-old adventurer. Somehow he has found time to write three books popularizing archaeology—including the well-known *Rivers in the Desert*. And in the intervals while he is at home being a college president, Glueck is writing a massive book about the Nabataeans.

But his heart remains in the Negev. Still active enough to keep the figure of an undergraduate, he spends his summers in Israel, taking to the field as soon as the heat has burned off all vegetation to reveal telltale potsherds. Sometimes he gets shot at, but he seems to enjoy such trouble. Last summer he briefly visited Ain-Mugharah (Spring of the Caves). "It's smack on the Sinai border," he says, "and it's a little dangerous. A cliff overhangs the spring; anyone can shoot down." There are many ancient sites there from the time of Abraham and the Judean Kings, but "no one goes there now," Glueck says, "except a few Bedouins, the Egyptian infiltrators and an archaeologist like me."

Next summer he will be back at Ain-Mugharah again. "There is something there," he says, "not just things to find, but the threads of history to tie up. That is the great reward of my kind of exploring." Danger there may be, but to the scientist it is no more than a calculated risk. "What the explorer is after," says Explorer Glueck modestly, "is more important than his life."

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ORCHESTRAS

The Perfect Doctor

"San Francisco is a great and beautiful city," said Conductor Josef Krips. "Why should it not have a great and beautiful orchestra?" With that, Krips set confidently to work in his new post as musical director of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Last week he opened the regular season with an all-Beethoven program, and the new era of music that San Francisco had promised itself when he was hired seemed suddenly to have arrived.

San Francisco's troubled musical past had always baffled its narcissistic residents. The symphony attracted excellent musicians; if only for the sake of its pleasant location, but it traditionally suffered conductor trouble. Under its last conductor, Enrique Jordá, it had woeful bad luck playing the very center of the classic repertoire, and Jordá's faltering hand stirred a cauldron of bickering and feuds that hurt the orchestra further.

For such ailments, Krips is the perfect doctor. He is a master of cajolery and charm, and a bulging pocket of ambition. He descends from a long line of Viennese-school conductors (Gustav Mahler, Felix Weingartner and Bruno Walter), and in his singing, legato style, he is one of the world's most admired conductors. His arrival in San Francisco brought the city to a pitch of enthusiasm it had not felt for years.

During his nine years as leader of the Buffalo Philharmonic, Krips won a wide reputation as an especially authoritative spokesman for Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms, but he is more concerned with his approach to the whole repertoire than with mastering any special part of it. "We must apply the technique of the singer to the instruments," he says. "A musician has to feel that he is singing, supporting the music by the breath. The breath is your soul."

MUSIC

The breath is your life—the only divine part of you."

Such talk rings nicely in the musicians' ears ("We like to come to work now," says a flautist), but even with all the enthusiasm Krips has generated in San Francisco, he is making a late start at building a minor orchestra into a major one; at 61, he already has 42 years on the podium behind him. But in this, as in all matters, Krips is a mountain of good-humored assurance. "I am," he says fondly, "a builder."

THE DANCE

The Essential Instant

Choreographer George Balanchine conceived his ballet, the *Prodigal Son* as a poem of bitter passions, a lantern carried into the darkness to light an anguished face. Balanchine responded



VILLELLA IN "PRODIGAL SON"
With gymnastic grotesquerie.

to Prokofiev's music by composing a gymnastic grotesquerie, free of all the gestures of classical ballet. The only dancer to perform the title role since *Prodigal Son* was revived by Balanchine's New York City Ballet four years ago has been Edward Villella, whose athletic command of the part was soon being praised as a great dance portrayal. Last week, to open the new season, *Prodigal Son* was danced again, and with a new dramatic artistry to match his manly dancing, Villella gave his best performance yet.

Villella dances through the wanderings of the Biblical Ulysses with the clear knowledge that the painful odyssey is mainly in the heart. He shows the boy's confusion of bravery and mere curiosity with great, amazing leaps that lead him nowhere; in his dance with the Siren, he makes twins of terror and desire. Betrayed by his lust, he struggles home, and in a slow, gentle movement that is a touching confession of sin and folly, he lifts himself into the curl of his father's arms.

The promise of a serious actor in Villella suggests a rich future for him and for the dance. At 27, Villella already has five years as a soloist behind him. His small stature (5 ft. 8 in.) rules him out of the romantic repertoire, but in the range of roles left open to him, he is incomparably exciting. His spectacular leaps leave him suspended in air an impossible instant too long—he has even perfected a leap in which he turns half circle while airborne and disappears into the wings flying backward.

Villella was a boxer and baseball player at the New York State Maritime College before he made dancing his career, and his presence on a ballet stage is deeply reassuring. With Villella and Principal Dancers Jacques d'Amboise, Erik Bruhn and Conrad Ludlow, Balanchine's company is now notable for the strength of its male dancers—a happy change.

OPERA

Maturing in Moscow

Whenever Joseph Stalin saw an opera that wasn't *Eugene Onegin* he went home mad, but rarely as mad as he was the night he saw Dmitry Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*. "Crashing and screeching, crude, primitive, vulgar," Pravda roared, having prudently reconsidered a published opinion that called the opera "a triumph" after its 1934 debut two years before. Shostakovich withdrew the opera, and off and on over the years, he set to work at revision.

It was generally assumed that the changes he was making would be pitifully political. But on both sides of the Iron Curtain, all doubts have been dispelled. Last January the new opera got an enthusiastic reception in Moscow. Last week, with the new title of *Katerina Ismailova*, it had its Western debut at London's Covent Garden. To the delight of an audience that would not stop cheering until the shy Shostakovich had come onstage to accept a laurel wreath, every change turned out to be strictly the work of a matured and masterly composer.

Absurdity & Despair. The bleak, mocking portrayal of 19th century Russian life that Shostakovich chose for his libretto survives from the original version. A gay and clever girl marries into a loveless, thankless life among crude and cruel merchants. A love affair blossoms with one of her husband's workmen, and, bewitched by the promise of a new life, she kills both husband and father-in-law. Just as she and her lover take happy possession of the Mtsensk manor house, the crimes are discovered; on her way to Siberia in a column of convicts, she is taunted by her lover's new woman, and she pushes the interloper into an icy lake and jumps in after her. The convicts pause to stare, then trudge aboard a ferry to glide away.

Shostakovich explores every twist in the tale with a lively assortment of musical styles, and the music sustains the entire drama. The heroine, who despite her crimes is meant to be "a ray of light in the kingdom of darkness," is described in lyrical and eloquent themes, while an array of jarring, brassy polkas, gallops and mazurkas evoke the absurdity that surrounds her. In the revision, Shostakovich has tightened and refined both music and libretto, producing a work more polished and subdued—and considerably more singable.

Drabness & Squalor. Shostakovich pronounced himself pleased with the London production, which had an English libretto written last summer by Conductor Edward Downes. He sat by Downes's side through days of rehearsal, apparently bent on tempering every hint of crudity. "He has a puritanical obsession about showing sexualism onstage," said Downes. "Anything that was the least bit suggestive he jumped on immediately."



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SHOW BUSINESS

PLAYWRIGHTS

Cynicism Uncongealed

We danced with impatience, we yearned for the moon and there we are, suddenly, left all alone, with life yawning ahead like a great black chasm . . . So we weep for two or three years more, very quietly, and then one day, too sick at heart, we die, with no fuss, leaving as little trace on earth as a bird's flight across the sky.

A character named Hero speaks those lines with drawn cynicism in the climactic scene of *The Rehearsal*, one of the few glittering productions at

ALBERT RIX



PLAYWRIGHT ANOUILH

A voice that speaks of shattered hope.

dismal new season on Broadway. It is the motif of the play and the motif of Playwright Jean Anouilh, who is perhaps the most produced of all living playwrights. Since the death of Jean Giraudoux almost 20 years ago, Anouilh (*ahn-oo-e*) has been the essential voice of the French theater—a voice that speaks so dryly of shattered hope that you can almost hear it break.

Anouilh, best known in the U.S. for *Becket* and *The Lark*, likes to divide his plays into categories, calling some "black," like *Antigone*, some "rose," like *Time Remembered*, others "brilliant" (sparklingly theatrical mixtures of the light and dark), like *The Rehearsal*, and still others "grating"—*Waltz of the Toreadors*. But everything Anouilh does springs from a pervading and indivisible pessimism. He is a cynic uncongealed: the wound remains open. Abandoned

ideals and buoyancies can be seen within. And when he turns on the times, his bite is bitter: "Give us a bit more comfort! That's our battle cry now. All the ingenuity of men, which was harnessed for so long to nobility and beauty, is now bent on finding something a bit softer to put under their bottoms. Contraptions to make our drinks cooler, our houses warmer, our beds softer. It's disgusting!"

Vanishing Goat. At 53, Anouilh is rich, famous, and a recluse. Even on opening nights, he hides craftily—in the prompter's box, if there is one. The only glimpses people might have of him later is of an overcoated figure loping away over cobblestones. Few would recognize him even if they had studied his picture. He suggests a small-town storekeeper with a long face, an unassertive little mustache and silver-rimmed glasses.

He maintains four houses in Paris and its environs, but the doorbells don't function and the telephone numbers are changed frequently, even though they are unlisted. His favorite retreat when writing is a small chalet in the Swiss Alps, where he keeps a pair of high-powered binoculars with which he can study visitors before they arrive—vanishing utterly, like a mountain goat, if they are not to his taste.

Edwardian Flavor. Warm with his friends, bloodlessly cruel toward strangers, Anouilh can be arrogantly self-assured one moment and glibly self-deprecating the next. When an English director commented that *Waltz of the Toreadors* was a good play but the Paris production had been a mess, Anouilh shrugged and explained: "Yes, I directed it." He prefers to work with unknown or even bad actors so that he can dictate their every gesture and intonation. In the Paris version of *The Rehearsal*, he broke this custom by casting Jean-Louis Barrault as the count, but soon he was saying to Barrault: "I don't know whether it's your fault or mine, but I'm bored." His humility may come from the memory of his own beginning years. The son of a poor Protestant tailor from Bordeaux, Anouilh got a job as secretary to Director Louis Jouvet at the Comédie des Champs-Elysées. He earnestly began writing plays, but whenever the great Jouvet saw Anouilh, he would say: "Here comes our failure."

Anouilh early looked upon the modern world and found it bad. In his recoil, he stepped back to 1910, the year of his birth. His reading had caused him to believe that the world had held out a promise to him then that it had long since slappet off his hands. Many of his plays, as a result, are set around 1910, and still more have an Edwardian flavor even if they are contemporary. His plays often express nostalgia for hope and optimism in the spirit of a young girl (as in *The Rehearsal*), countering it with examples of repulsive

families, bizarre marriages, grubbing politics and permeating corruption. Anouilh has carried this further by marrying two of his young heroines. In a more sour vein, he is forever locked in combat with critics. When they turn on him for his savage implosions of the constituted society, he merely picks up his pen and writes reviews of his own plays for *Le Figaro*, setting them all straight.

Never changing a word, he writes with two pens, one for serious work and the other for less important tasks, as if the gift of language were in the pens themselves. To censure critics, he uses the pen that has less talent. Using the varsity one would be inhumane.

HOLLYWOOD

The Sex Shortage

What if Swift and Armour were to give up packing meat and start selling block-frozen string beans instead? What if Goodyear and Firestone were to stop producing bulging pneumatic rotundities that tread softly and squeal raffishly? And what if Boeing—maker and creator of the 707s—were to open its vast doors only to release a string of skinny, canvas-covered, piston-driven biplanes?

That is roughly what Hollywood is doing. It used to produce an ever better line of girls—smoothly fuselaged, four-motored, flap-up, rubber-cushioned and sex-powered. Goddess after sleek goddess was projected into the skies, from the 1920s' Mae Murray of the bee-stung lips, the memory of whom is still enough to make old men tumble from rooming house porches, to Marilyn Monroe, Hollywood's last legend of sex. Fighting men in training for Cassino and Saipan were supplied with endless photos of film Aphrodites—Jane Russell in the hay; Rita Hayworth in a negligee; Betty Grable wearing high heels, an ankle bracelet, and a one-piece bathing suit; Lana Turner in the sweater.

The Grenadettes. They raced young motors, and there is nothing like them any more. It is not enough to say that magazines like *Playboy*, *Dude*, *Gent*, and *Rogue* have defeated Hollywood by double exposure, although today's military barracks and college rooms are all but innocent of actresses, being decorated instead with the slick-paper mermaids of whom Mort Sahl has observed that a whole generation of American boys is growing up with the expectation that their wives will have staples in their navels. But these lifeless gatefold odalisques could hardly compete with living dolls. Hollywood's sex stars were larger than life and, after all, creatures of motion on the screen.

Hedy Lamarr, who used to fire up anyone who saw the whites of her eyes, once said: "Any girl can be glamorous. All you have to do is stand still and look stupid." The new generation ignores the dictum. They all want to act, or try to. Susan Kohner, Natalie Wood, Tippi Hedren, Carol Lynley, Jane Fonda,



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The First Christmas Tree

Hundreds of stories, freely mixing fact and fantasy, have been told through the years to explain the origin of a tree at Christmas. Each has its own unique charm. One imaginative tale is written in manuscripts found in an old Italian monastery.

The story tells us that on that first Christmas Eve, all the living creatures of the earth came to Bethlehem to pay tribute to the Christ Child. Among them were all the trees of the forest. The date palm offered its delicious fruit, the sandalwood its nuts and fragrant flowers, the olive tree its richest oils.

Only the little fir, standing alone and unadorned behind the rest, had nothing to give. So an angel brought down the stars to rest upon its boughs and branches. And as they twinkled with sparkling radiance, the beauty of that first Christmas tree brought a smile of delight to the infant Jesus.

So today does a tree at Christmas remind us of Him and delight the hearts of children everywhere.



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Ruta Lee, Christine Kaufmann, Joey Heatherton—all are afame with Strasberg and Stanislavsky. But as bombshells they are squibs, containing the equivalent of about 1 oz. of T.N.T.

Hither & Ives. Now and then a new Hollywood girl shows bomblike possibilities, notably Yvette Mimieux. But an explosion is unlikely to occur. A new sex goddess would have to get multiple goddess roles. Fewer movies are being made, and when the plump parts come, the lean girls seem to get them: the best sex role in recent years is Irma La Douce, yet it is played by Shirley MacLaine, whose deep décolletage cannot conceal the clean-cut kookie girl beneath.

With no femme fatale like Garbo, no woman with the animal splendors of the young Ava Gardner, Hollywood has completely lost its come-hither look, falling behind the competition from Europe, where Sophia Loren still unquestionably rules the pantheon. Around her, Bardot and Lollobrigida are fading. But Romy Schneider, Simone Signoret, Claudia Cardinale and Elke Sommer can each outdo all that the American industry has to offer. Hollywood is so barren of sex, in fact, that only last week Universal Pictures had to hold a beauty contest in New York's Americana Hotel in order to find three girls to add wattage to a promotion for its new film, *The Brass Bottle*, which stars the shapely, sultry, sloe-eyed Burl Ives.

TELEVISION

Subways Are for Stabbing

The lurching subway car on New York's ancient IRT line was a meticulous replica of the real thing, complete with dirty windows and a scurvy litter of candy wrappers on the floor. It had been built from plans furnished by the New York Transit Authority, and set up in a Brooklyn studio for a *Du Point Show of the Week* play called "Ride with Terror," by Nicholas Baehr.

But when the Transit Authority heard what "Terror" was about it was horrified. The play dealt brilliantly with a pair of hopped-up punks who terrorize a subway carful of early morning riders. For an hour the hoods tease, insult and frighten the passengers. Yet no one dares do anything to stop them. Finally, as one leather-jacketed jackal torments a father with a sleeping child, a young soldier rebels. "Leave those people alone," he cries, and suddenly there is a knife in the punk's hand. The other passengers simply watch as the hood closes in on the unarmed soldier in the terrible crouch of the switchblade. In the last grisly moments, the soldier is stabbed, the hoods are hauled off by the police.

NBC presented "Terror" despite the Transit Authority's protest that no incident like that had ever occurred on their subways. Next day an off-duty city detective was shot to death by a gang of teen-age thugs on an IRT train in Brooklyn.

This announcement appears as a matter of record.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

TV Is No Substitute

Motivational research has been defined as the art of disguising soft ideas in hard words for a stiff fee. Now, in a refreshing reversal of form, Dr. Ernest Dichter's Institute for Motivational Research has produced some hard facts about newspapers and television—for no fee at all.

Increasingly Thin. When Manhattan's seven dailies were about to be shut down by a strike just one year ago, the institute's vice president, Irving Gilman, saw a chance to probe for the values people find in newspapers when they cannot take them for granted and an opportunity to measure the ability of television and radio to fill the void. But Gilman was unable to find a client. Both publishers and broadcasters seemed afraid of the possible results. The institute went ahead anyway, picking up the tab itself for lengthy personal interviews with a total of 530 New Yorkers before, during and after the strike. When the report is issued next month, the newspaper industry will receive a free testimonial to the fact that most readers find them irreplaceable for their news coverage and for their advertising as well.

Before the strike, fully 83% of those interviewed thought television and radio news coverage excellent; only 6% said it was poor. During the strike, TV beefed up news and commentary, while some radio stations programmed news nonstop. Yet the study discovered that as the strike wore on, viewers without papers found broadcast news increasingly thin and monotonous. By the end of 114 newspaperless days, only 16% thought TV and radio had done an excellent job, another 16% found them no more than satisfactory, and a startling 68% said that TV and radio news was poor.

Relief on Sunday. The worst quality of broadcast news, people reported, was that it talked too much without saying enough new. "I'm getting claustrophobia or a tin ear or something," said one respondent. "If they do mention something I'm interested in, it slides right by me." "The same thing over and over," was the frequent complaint. In contrast, the newspaper reader can follow the path of his own interests, guided but not compelled by headlines and layout.

One further finding of the study has already been confirmed by the papers' circulation figures since the strike. On Sundays, the absence of huge weekend editions came to some people as a positive relief, freeing them for other activities. When the papers came back, many readers who were delighted to pick up their workaday reading habits, also found themselves content to skip Sunday comics and all.

Pet Pal

The San Francisco Chronicle reader had a love problem: "General Custer is my twelve-year-old racing pigeon. I just bought a year-old hen. I have introduced them and they get along fine. I'd like to breed them. What do you think about the prospects?" Chronicle Columnist Frank E. Miller knew the answer to that one: "Custer might still be good for one last stand."

For a teen-aged boy whose horse, Cheyenne, bit him whenever his master's back was turned ("usually in the



VETERINARIAN MILLER
Giving a canary the bird.

seat of the pants"). Miller's advice was equally direct: "Face Cheyenne." Nor was Miller buffeted by the dilemma of the dog-dotting husband whose spouse preferred cats. "We can't have two animals. Is there a way we can reach a compromise?" asked the reader. "Of course," Miller assured him. "Buy a cat."

Since the Chronicle introduced Miller to its readership 21 years ago, his column, "The Wonderful World of Animals," has spread to 34 other papers. It may be an unpalatable fact to those who do not find enough news in their newspapers, but this Ann Landers of the fury set now reaches a readership surpassing 5,000,000.

To his expanded practice, Veterinarian Miller, 39, brings a kennelside manner that is frequently more tolerant of the animals than of their keepers. Yet Miller's readers have responded by sending him 1,000 or more letters a month, covering a comprehensive range of problems. Miller is up to most of them. "I had a pet worm named Elmer and my little brother ate him up," wrote a youthful *Lumbeus* fancier. "Could Elmer still be alive?" Replied Miller: "I'm afraid Elmer passed on

long ago." A woman reader wanted to know if her male canary, who spent narcissistic hours kissing himself in a mirror, needed a mate. Said Miller: "Give him the bird." But he was little comfort to the mother who wondered what to do about her son's turtle, which hadn't stirred in months and smelled funny. Miller's advice: "Burial."

What bothers him these days is the letter that, because of his syndication, arrives from some outlying paper a week or two late. "There is nothing more pathetic," says Miller, "than a letter dated ten days ago that reads: 'My eleven-year-old cocker spaniel shivered and wheezed all night. What can I do?'"

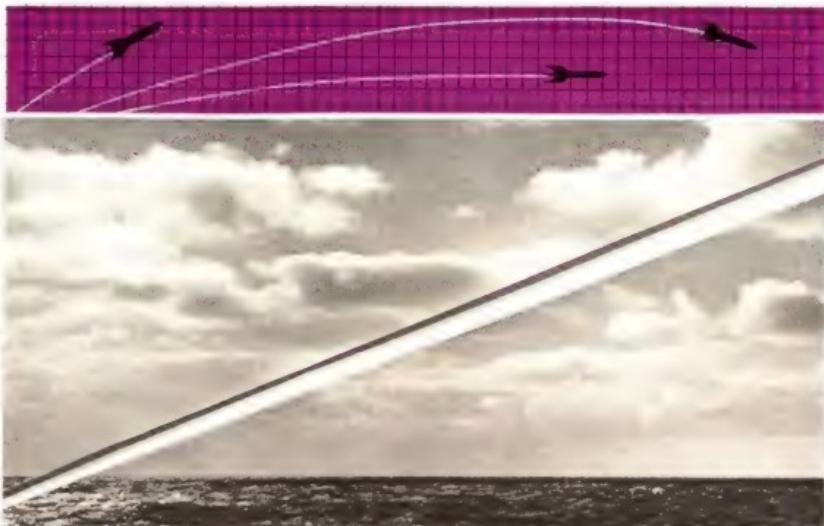
Permissiveness in Saigon

Until the bloody November coup in South Viet Nam, Saigon's daily newspapers existed entirely on palace whim. It was an iron whim. During his last three years in office, President Diem revoked the licenses of a dozen papers that, for one reason or another, had offended the presidential sensibilities. But where the Diem regime concentrated on whipping the press into line, the new junta government seems eager to flood the country with newspapers. Last week 44 dailies were publishing in Saigon—and the government has received 126 other license applications.

Most likely, all the applications will be granted as part of a calculated government attempt to show a permissive face to the press. Not all the new papers can survive, even in Saigon where a daily paper with 3,000 to 5,000 circulation can show a profit. But the new junta leaders appear willing to let everyone try. They have also largely redeemed their pledge to end press controls. Only papers printed in English and French must now pass even *pro forma* censorship.

Nor have Saigon's papers suffered much from official reprisals. In six weeks, only two dailies have been shut down. Their offense: printing a picture of a Viet Nam beach scene in which the bathing beauty, shown with a male companion, was identified as Madame Nhu. Since the picture was five years old and so murky as to defy identification of the subjects, many another Saigon publisher felt that the suspension was only an appropriate response to a palpable attempt at discrediting the madame and her companion, an Indian delegate to the International Control Commission. Both papers resumed publication in a week.

South Viet Nam is still a long way from press freedom, just as the country's papers are still a long way from deserving it. Saigon's newly amplified press voice continues to speak with its familiar timidity. This was best exemplified by the opening editorial in the city's new English-language daily, which read in part: "The Saigon Daily News has no link with the government. It will not be an opposition paper either."



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WARNECKE & LAFAYETTE SQUARE

MODEL OF HAWAIIAN STATE CAPITOL
What Rose Bowl is doing now.

Lafayette, He Is Here

Early last year, President Kennedy and his art adviser friend William Walton sat puzzling over an architectural model showing a proposed renovation of buildings surrounding Washington's Lafayette Square, across from the White House. As the President fiddled with tiny town houses and scaled-down Government office buildings, Walton apologized for bothering him with a matter of "less than global content." Kennedy quickly reassured him. "Hell," he said wryly, "that's all right. After all, this may be the only monument we leave."

Kennedy was still brooding over the matter at a naval reunion in April 1962, when he spotted a familiar face in the crowd. "What's Rose Bowl doing now?" he asked Navy Under Secretary Paul Fay Jr. "He's a very successful architect," Fay replied. "Have him give me a call," said Kennedy.

Three for the Eyes. "Rose Bowl" is John Carl Warnecke, 44, a handsome, husky six-footer who studied liberal arts at Stanford University, where he played a bruising game as tackle on its undefeated, unified 1940 football team. The 1941 Rose Bowl game won him a nickname, but football cost him a shoulder injury that kept him out of World War II. So he let his hair grow and went on to Harvard's school of architecture. When Kennedy called him in to take charge of the \$29 million Lafayette Square project, Warnecke had behind him a meteoric, 13-year career which had seen his office staff grow from three to more than 80. From the Lafayette project, still to be built, grew two other commissions that will keep architectural eyes trained on Warnecke. He worked with Kennedy on the presidential library at Harvard and was picked to design the Kennedy tomb in Arlington National Cemetery.

Son of a San Francisco architect, Warnecke grew up in the informal redwood tradition of Bernard Maybeck, struck out on his own in 1950 after his father's firm grew too cramped. He won his first national acclaim with a series

of Bay Area schools. In 1956 he struck into the international field, won a State Department commission to build the Thailand embassy. His "floating pagoda" design (provided that Congress authorizes funds) will match the mood of Bangkok's temples as it rises airy on slender white stilts.

Into the Geography. In Honolulu, another example of Warnecke's ability to blend modern technique into a unique geographical setting will soon go into construction. The \$14 million Hawaiian state capitol will rise on 24 banyanlike columns that will soar 60 ft. above a shallow reflecting pool—symbolic of Hawaii's oceanic isolation, but not in conflict with the Italian Renaissance-style Iolani Palace near by.

The plan for Lafayette Square, which Warnecke conceived over a weekend after his talk with Kennedy, shows the same knack for accepting traditional forms without violating the tenets of modern architecture. Unveiled in October 1962 with Jackie Kennedy's blessing, it cuts down the size of the proposed Government buildings and places them in the background. Moreover, the new buildings will wear bay windows and be faced with dark brick or granite to match the tone of the square.

Pleased with Warnecke's work, Kennedy took him along to Harvard last October during a planning trip for the library. Then, after the President's assassination, Jackie chose Warnecke to design the tomb. What will he do with these two monuments is still in the privacy of his own mind.

The Wittelsbach Treasure

To the poly-royal ruler of Renaissance Bavaria, diamonds were a duke's best friend. Albrecht V nearly emptied the privy purse in 1565 to buy the 27 jewel-studded pieces—primarily cups and goblets—that formed the original *Schatzkammer* (treasure chamber) of the Wittelsbach family, which ruled Bavaria from 1180 to 1918. But to Albrecht, competing for glory with monarchs from Madrid to Moscow, it was worth every pfennig. Over the centuries, the treasure grew in splendor and size; its 1,224 pieces rank it with the four largest royal treasure chambers that survived the decline of

Europe's dynasties—the Tower of London, the Kremlin, Dresden's Royal Palace and Albertinum, Vienna's imperial *Schatzkammer*.

Before 1958, only a fraction of the Wittelsbach *Schatzkammer*'s contents had been shown to the public, and then only in a cramped, subterranean vault. The Bavarian government decided to bring the treasure out of the dark, spent \$250,000 in preparing new quarters in a wing of the family's sprawling Munich residence, which is a replica of Florence's Pitti Palace and a next-door neighbor to the rebuilt *Nationaltheater* (TIME, Dec. 6). Now—slowly, because it is not much publicized—the *Schatzkammer* is becoming one of the show attractions of Europe (see opposite page).

Painting in Gems. The Wittelsbach treasure represents some of the finest works of a moribund art in which precious stones, rather than paint, provided color, and malleable gold and silver, rather than marble, was shaped to the sculptor's concept of form. The *Schatzkammer*'s most ostentatious piece, an equestrian statue of the knight St. George, has 2,291 diamonds, 406 rubies and 209 pearls—and an artistic value transcending them all. Almost unnoticed beneath its bright blanket of jewels, the horse's opal eye flashes halefully from a smooth, stylized head of chalcedony. The swoop of the knight's crystal blade pulls the composition together, drawing attention to the writhing dragon underfoot—a creature all the more monstrous for its emerald scales and egg-sized ruby warbs.

In the first of the *Schatzkammer*'s ten rooms stands a gaunt, Carolingian ciborium, or altar canopy, wrought in gold for King Arnulf of Carinthia about A.D. 890. The vitrines of other rooms continue the historical procession, running from Gothic goblets through High Renaissance amphorae etched with centaurs to a Napoleonic *necessaire*—an elaborate Empire traveling case designed for Bonaparte's second wife, Marie Louise. By way of exotica, the Munich *Schatzkammer* has a brace of bejeweled Ceylonese chests, Persian daggers and Turkish scimitars, Ming porcelains set in Renaissance gold frames, a Mexican stone mask embel-

A DUKE'S RANSOM FROM MUNICH



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lished by a German goldsmith after it got to Munich.

Not for the Glitter. Guarded by bank-vault-type doors, electric-eye burglar alarms and "footmen" whose blue-and-silver waistcoats bulge with shoulder-holster Luger, the new *Schatzkammer* operates with little fanfare. "Too much publicity," explains Director Hans Thoma, "might only attract some fool Riffi who might take a crack at the wealth. The public should come gradually, not because they are intrigued by the glitter, but because of the artistic pleasure it gives to see so much precious beauty assembled."

Wheeler Dealer

WE'VE STRUCK OILS, says the sign outside the white cinder-block building, a former used-car sales office located among the pizzerias and gas stations off Detroit's Woodward Avenue. Inside, 500 paintings cover the walls and even part of the ceiling, which supine browsers can study from a large couch. The gallery, named the *ARTERIE*, is dedicated to the uncontested principle that every American home ought to have a real painting in that empty-looking place over the stereo set. Those who drive in are assured of finding art in every style, subject, size, color and medium, mostly bought up by the batch in Europe. Works are priced from \$4 to \$2,000—including frame.

Last week, while children used the *ARTERIE*'s red couch for a trampoline, their parents were buying as if television were going out of style. After five days in business, 114 paintings had been rented, while more than 100 pieces of art, including an African circumcision mask, had been sold. The management plans soon to throw in a free car-wash with every purchase.

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STANFORD STUDENTS AT CAL FOOTBALL GAME
Jeer, jeer for dear old fink.

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Next Year: 20% More Kids

"When he's ready for college, will college be ready for him?" goes a familiar refrain. Last week the U.S. Office of Education announced that U.S. college enrollment has broken all records for the twelfth straight year: 2,140 colleges and universities now enroll 4,529,000 degree-seeking students, up 7.7% over last year and more than double the total in 1951. And the big crush has barely begun.

Next year the number of 18-year-olds in the U.S. will jump by about 20%—progeny of G.I.s demobilized in 1946. By 1970 this population bulge may well result in 7,000,000 collegians. After that will come a striking multiplier effect. Roughly 40% of Americans aged 18 to 21 are now pursuing higher education as against 25% in 1951. Since today's collegians will aim to send their children to college, the 1980 enrollment may hit 9,000,000.

The heat is on public universities. Because most private campuses refuse to expand much, public campuses now enroll 64% of all collegians, compared with 50% a decade ago. The big schools keep getting bigger—and now include some giants. At the University of Cincinnati, Garland G. Parker, veteran registrar, last week tolled up grand-total enrolments (full and part-time) at the country's biggest universities. The top dozen:

City University of New York	101,247
University of California	101,064
State University of New York	72,918
University of Minnesota	49,228
New York University (private)	41,700
University of Wisconsin	38,883
University of Illinois	35,889
Indiana University	34,032
Ohio State University	33,284
Michigan State University	31,538
University of Texas	30,927
University of Michigan	30,799

STUDENTS

Hail to Thee—Er . . . Da Di Da

A bunch of alums were whooping it up in a highway-side saloon, toasting Stanford's football victory over Cal, when a young old grad called for the Stanford hymn. "How does it go?" someone asked. "From the . . . something . . . something . . ." a voice began. "Foothills? Mountains?" someone suggested. Others dimly recalled "in the sunset fire" and "raise our voices singing," until at length a young wife bravely quavered:

*From the rolling foothills rise
To the mountains higher,
When at east the Coast Range lies
In the sunset fire . . .*

Then she too expired, peering into her glass and lamely saying, "It certainly makes you want to cheer." In the touching silence, her husband exclaimed: "Let's drink to the roaring foothills and the hell with the hymn."

Take the Dame. Across the land this football season, the great American college song has become the great American mumble. In a day when *Hail to Thee, Oh Fink* might best express "school spirit," the old Alma Mater idea seems "too hot-rocket" to kids unwilling to give "that kind of allegiance just to a college." Dissenters refuse to rise and sing because "your blanket falls off." Princeton hearts pound at *Old Nassau*, but Princeton mouths go da da da. Even Georgia Tech's "ramblin' wrecks" sing to the Alma Mater in a vast hum, as of bees. South Benders "cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame," but the sacred second line comes out, "You take the Notre, I'll take the Dame."

None of this means that "learn, learn-learn" is about to supplant "fight, fight, fight" on U.S. campuses. From *Anchors Aweigh to All Hail Alaska*, the college song is still uniquely American. Britons save their tears for school songs like Harrow's *Forty Years On*. Oxbridge has

no official songs whatever. Germans and Frenchmen sing of beer and wine. Only Canadians echo American sentiments. "This U. is our U." chants Western Ontario, and McGill apologetically proclaims, "Great our affection, though feeble our lays."

Hills & Valleys. The American Alma Mater goes back to 1836, when the Unitarian author of *Fair Harvard* stole the Irish ditty *Believe Me If All Those Enchanting Young Charms*. Before World War I, Yale lifted Germany's patriotic *Die Wacht am Rhein* for its own *Bright College Years*. Harvard mimed the *Marseillaise* for *On to Victory*, and Columbia hitched *Stand Colonia* to *Deutschland über Alles*.

Some revered anthems began as jokes—for example, *The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You*, born in 1903 when Carry Nation visited Austin to smash up a saloon near the University of Texas. Warning his lads not to "cheer this poor deluded woman," President William L. Prather begged them to remember that "the eyes of Texas are upon you." In barely two years, the resulting gag song (*To I've Been Working on the Railroad*) was sufficiently solemnized to be sung at Prather's funeral.

Plagiarism and the obligatory reference to real estate—a hill, river, valley or prairie—were flawlessly blended in one of the few compelling Alma Mates, Cornell's *Far Above Cayuga's Waters*, which comes from *Annie Lisle*, a sugary Civil War ballad. Cornell's anthem in turn has been stolen by at least 13 other colleges, from Syracuse (*Where the Vale of Onondaga*) to Clemson (*Where the Blue Ridge Mountains Their Greatness*), and hundreds of high schools. Dartmouth was blessed with Poet Richard Hovey ('85), who gave his college rich, original songs like *Men of Dartmouth*: "Give a rouse, give a rouse, with a will!"

Football's "fight songs" are less memorable. Some thrive on mindless lyrics, such as U.S.C.'s "Wamp, wamp, wheedy, wheedy, wamp, wamp." Others boast punchy tunes, such as Yale's canine (by Cole Porter, '13) "Bulldog! Bulldog! Bow wow wow. Eli Yale." Atavists safely seated in the stands adore the feline fury of the Princeton tiger's roar:

*Crash through the line of blue
And send the backs on 'round the end.
Fight, fight, for every yard,
Princeton's honor to defend—rah,
rah, rah.*

Who Loves Ya? But the anthem is in trouble. It ranges from gooey poesy to funeral-dirge music to forced rhyming ("I love you, Arizona/ I'm mighty glad to know you"). Says one girl of the anthem that the University of Chicago calls *Alma Mater*: "No one knows it—it's really out." Three decades after the Gershwin brothers wrote *Strike Up the Band for U.S.C.L.A.*, only the melody lingers on. While singing for such eminences as Arnold Toynbee last year, Rice students were embarrassed by their



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go-go anthem ("All for Rice's honor We will fight on"). They wrote a new one with music by Sibelius and words that no one remembers.

Still, nothing can down good tunes—*On Wisconsin*, Notre Dame's *Victory March*, Yale's *Whiffenpoof Song* (with words adapted from a Kipling ballad). And almost as enduring is the song that kids a rival school. Both Houston and Rice hector Texas A. & M. (*to Battle Hymn of the Republic*):

Mine eyes have seen the milking of the Texas Aggie cow,

Mine ears have heard the squeaking of the Texas Aggie sow . . .

But more fashionable these days is self-kidding, as in a parody of Stanford's fight song:

*Sons of the wealthy few
Fight for your Alma Mater.
Fight for the dame with the social name.*

*Oil wells will see you through . . .
Or the satire of former Harvard Mathematician Tom Lehrer:*

*Fight fiercely, Harvard.
Demonstrate to them our skill.
Albeit they possess the might.
Nonetheless, we have the will.
How we will celebrate our victory,
We shall invite the whole team up for tea (how jolly!).
Hurl that spheroid down the field,
And fight, fight, fight.*

EXAMS

When in Doubt, Bull

If the most popular of the liberal arts is the art of snowing the grader on exams, how should the grader respond? Last week this question cropped up in the first examination of examinations at Harvard in 25 years. The answer given by William G. Perry Jr., director of Harvard's Bureau of Study Counsel, is that snowbound student bluebooks should be divided into two classes. "Bull" is opinion without supporting facts. "Cow" is facts without understanding. If the grader has to make a choice between these two sharply-drawn categories, says Perry, he should take bull every time.

According to Perry, "bull in pure form is rare; there is usually some contamination by data." But even in its purest form, bulling "expresses an important part of what a pluralist university holds dear, surely a more important part than the collecting of 'facts that are facts,' which schoolboys learn to do."

Unlike the cower, says Perry, the buller is close to being "in a strong position to learn content rapidly and meaningfully, and to retain it. I have learned to be less concerned about the education of a student who has come to understand the nature of man's knowledge, even though he has not yet committed himself to hard work, than I am about the education of the student who, after one or two terms at Harvard, is working desperately hard and still believes that collected 'facts' constitute knowledge."

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NEW YORK
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WHAT'S NEW

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RELIGION



CUSHING AT KENNEDY FUNERAL
Toward the east wall.

ROMAN CATHOLICS Modernizing the Mass

Millions of Americans got their first bemused look at a Roman Catholic Mass by watching television coverage of John Kennedy's funeral, and even with the scholarly help of a priestly commentator it was for many a puzzling ritual. There, on TV, Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing stood dressed in odd black garments, droning Latin phrases toward the east wall of the cathedral, striding from one side of the altar to the other as he ceremonially poured wine into a chalice or read from a black-bound missal. Much of the mystery will soon be modified. Last week Pope Paul VI formally pro-



LITURGICAL CONFERENCE MASS
Toward the people.

mulgated the first and almost only concrete accomplishment of the Vatican Council: a 12,000-word constitution that authorizes what could become the most sweeping liturgical reforms in Roman Catholic history.

Predictable Outcome. In what was from the beginning the most predictable outcome of the council, the constitution allows priests and bishops to administer the sacraments, and to celebrate about half of the Roman Mass, in living languages. It also lays down norms for a simplification and reform of the ceremonies of the Mass. If the reforms are to be handled by the Curia's slow-moving Congregation of Rites, they will be relatively modest. But council progressives hope that Pope Paul will let the job be done by the bishops and theologians attached to the Liturgical Commission, who have prepared a detailed outline of how they plan to change the central act of Roman Catholic worship.

In this program, the first part of the Mass, which consists largely of scriptural readings, would be read by the priest in the language of—and facing—his congregation. To emphasize congregational participation in the sacrifice, laymen would carry to the altar the wine and the hosts to be consecrated. The Canon, the most ancient prayer of the Mass, would remain in Latin; but rather than being recited silently, it would be said aloud, as is the custom in the ancient Eastern liturgies. On certain solemn occasions, such as Nuptial Masses, laymen would be able to receive Communion in the form of wine as well as bread. And the Mass would conclude not with the reading of the beginning of St. John's Gospel, a late Renaissance accretion, but with a final blessing of the people by the priest. Into this framework, bishops would be able to incorporate suitable local customs. When and to what degree the reforms will be carried out is still to be determined.

Ecumenical Overtones. The reform has striking ecumenical overtones. For if the Liturgical Commission has its way, the Roman Mass of the future will bear a much greater outward resemblance to the Anglican and Lutheran Communion services developed by the Reformation fathers 400 years ago.

The Roman Catholic Church also made a small move toward decentralizing its authority. In a papal letter addressed to the bishops, Paul VI gave them permanently 40 minor rights and several privileges that many of them had enjoyed on a temporary, renewable basis. Among these powers: permission to let illegitimate males become seminarians and to grant certain dispensations necessary before Catholics and Protestants can wed.

To the Holy Land

"It has been the wish of my life to visit the Holy Land," wrote Giovanni Battista Montini, then Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan, to a bishop friend in November 1962. Last week, in his final address to the Vatican Council, Pope Paul VI surprised the prelates by announcing that he will indeed visit the holy places of Jordan and Israel on a three-day trip next month. It will be the first papal voyage outside Italy since Napoleon forced the unhappy Pius VII to take up residence at Fontainebleau in 1812, and the first time since the days of St. Peter that a reigning pontiff has set foot in the Holy Land.

The Vatican Secretariat of State quietly cleared the way for the visit last month. Pope Paul's announcement was warmly greeted by the government and press of Israel and Jordan, although presumably his trip will do more to help the two countries' tourist business than to patch up their political enmity. He will be visiting lands where archaeologists are searching out man's past, some of them using the Bible as a guidebook (see SCIENCE), and at a time when Greek Orthodox pilgrims swarm into Old Jerusalem for their Christmas. Orthodox Patriarch Athénagoras I of Constantinople called the visit "a very progressive act". Moslem Sheikh Abdullah Alayli of Lebanon more ambiguously declared: "It is like Christ coming back once again to chase the Pharisees from the Temple." But the Pope clearly intended his voyage to be nonpolitical: he will fly to the Holy Land on January 4 with a handful of aides and security guards, visit Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem, return to Rome on January 6.

Does Paul have other trips in mind? Around Rome, it was rumored that he did, and that he might decide to attend the Eucharistic Congress in Bombay next November.

PROTESTANTS

Mueller for Miller

The National Council of Churches, having gone through a phase of innovation in picking a layman as president three years ago, last week swung back to an organization clergyman to run it for the next term. At its general assembly in Philadelphia, the 31-denomination council elected to the presidency Reuben Mueller, 66, presiding bishop of the 748,000-strong Evangelical United Brethren Church. Mueller replaces (and pronounces his name like) Industrialist (Cummins Engine Co.) J. Irwin Miller, a Disciple of Christ.

Mueller suits the council's new needs in various ways. As has no previous president in the organization's 13-year history, he comes from one of the com-

cil's smaller churches. The Brethren call him "Mr. Ecumenicity," and he aptly symbolizes the council's current interest in church unity and building a more effective central machinery. Mueller has been in charge of the slow-paced but steady negotiations that will, hopefully by 1968, bring the E.U.B. into organic union with the Methodist Church. He has also been an active participant in the "Blake proposal" conversations, which may, in distant time, lead to a grand union of the Methodists, United Presbyterians, Episcopalians, United Church of Christ, Disciples of Christ and the E.U.B.

Heavily concentrated in the upper Midwest, the Brethren are mostly German in national origin, differ in theology and polity from the Methodists only in small detail. Mueller, the son of an immigrant pastor, graduated from North Central College in Illinois, entered the ministry in 1921 after teaching high

EDWARD R. WOOD



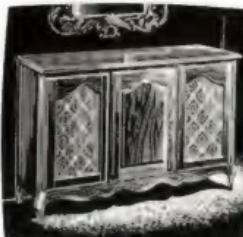
BISHOP MUELLER
Back to the organization.

school in Wisconsin and Minnesota. He was made a bishop in 1954, and from the council's founding has been one of the guiding forces. He was its first recording secretary, and since 1957 has been a vice president and chairman of its Division of Christian Education. As a member of the council's general board, he served on its powerful policy and strategy committee.

Among the Brethren, Mueller is famed equally for his quiet jokes and his stem-winding sermons. But he is no innovator, and one council member predicted that "there will certainly be no revolutionary changes during his presidency." Mueller says that he is moved by the new "fraternal spirit" within Roman Catholicism, but that there is a long way to go before serious discussions of a broader Christian unity are possible. "Basically, this is God's business," he said. "We must endeavor to determine his will and fulfill it. But I do believe in miracles."



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THE LAW

TRIALS

TV Before the Bar

The world that watched TV's first live murder program may soon get to see the ensuing trial. The proceedings against Jack Ruby next February for the killing of Lee Oswald may be televised live at the discretion of Judge Joe Brantley Brown. Last week Judge Brown insisted he had made no decision, allowed as how "I was just fixin' to go deer hunting." Everyone else concerned was fixin' to fight.

At issue is the American Bar Association's recommended Canon 35 for the ethical conduct of trials, which flatly

fully reviewed Canon 35 a year ago. It is the effects of cameras on jury, judge, lawyers, witnesses and defendant that the A.B.A. objects to. However inconspicuous, cameras turn the judicial process into show business. As a result, says Yauch, the defendant's right to a fair trial is jeopardized.

The danger is illustrated best by some of the more flamboyant episodes in the history of televised courtroom drama in Texas. When one Harry Washburn was tried and convicted in Waco for blowing up his ex-mother-in-law, one of his defense attorneys claimed that some witnesses were influenced by the testimony they soaked up from a beer-parlor TV

week changed his mind: "We don't want any circus-type trials. I'm firmly against it." Dallas Prosecuting Attorney Henry Wade agrees: "Witnesses will be sufficiently perturbed and excited without cameras staring them in the face. It appears to me that it would be difficult for Ruby or anyone else to get a fair trial." And at week's end in Chicago, the American Bar Association issued an angry denunciation of proposals to televise the Ruby trial. For good measure, the A.B.A. added a scathing attack on broadcasters and Dallas officials for their handling of Oswald.

"What occurred in Dallas struck at the heart of our fundamental rule of law," said the A.B.A. "The widespread publicizing of Oswald's alleged guilt, involving statements by officials and public disclosures of the details of 'evidence,' could conceivably have prevented any lawful trial of Oswald due to the difficulty of finding jurors who had not been prejudiced." As for the Ruby trial, said the A.B.A., "the judicial process must not be further impaired by additional sensationalism, which would inevitably result if television of the trial were permitted."

LAWYERS

Automating the Archives

Automation came to the law last week. A computer is now ready to take over the lawyer's plodding and tedious search through vast and ever-expanding archives to track down rulings that apply to the case at hand.

New York Lawyer Elias Hoppenfeld was tired of cracking the books, and besides, automation promised to pay. Why not get every lawyer's mechanical research done once and for all and store the results in the sturdy, unfailing memories of computers? Assured by electronics experts that the concept was technically feasible, Hoppenfeld raised enough capital to found Law Research Service, Inc., hired colleagues to sort, classify and index a million rulings that New York state courts had handed down over the decades. The work took three years and 50 lawyers.

Now a lawyer who wants to find out what New York state courts have ruled on a particular point will no longer have to plow through shelfloads of books—he can simply ask Sperry Rand's Univac III. A Law Research Service lawyer translates the inquiry into a few index words or phrases, puts the information on a punched card and feeds it into the computer. Univac III then scans reels of magnetic tape at the rate of 120,000 cases a minute, swiftly types out the titles of the applicable rulings. That information, in turn, is put into a high-speed printing machine that calls up from the tapes in its innards the full texts of the decisions. Within 24 hours after Law Research Service receives a question, says Hoppenfeld, the inquiring lawyer will get the answer. Fee: \$20 per inquiry.



BILLIE SOL ESTES CASE ON CAMERA
Will justice blur on the screen?

prohibits cameras of any kind. The rule has been adopted for all federal courts and the courts of every state except Texas and Colorado. Canon 35 was written in 1937 after the sensationalism of press coverage when Bruno Hauptmann was tried for kidnaping young Charles Lindbergh Jr. It is ironic that the canon has come up for debate again in one of the few cases since that has stirred nationwide emotion.

Billie Sol & Candy Barr. Freedom of the press demands that television cameras be allowed the same privileges as newspaper reporters, say the journalists and judges (usually elective) who publicly oppose Canon 35. They also claim that modern equipment can make television coverage unobtrusive, undamaging to decorum. Champions of Canon 35 deny both counts. Just like any other newsman, the television reporter is free to go into any courtroom without a camera, points out Lawyer John H. Yauch, chairman of the committee of the American Bar Association that care-

set before being called themselves. When David Frank McKnight was tried and convicted in Amarillo for killing a crippled pawnbroker with a claw hammer, the judge permitted live coverage after the defendant signed a statement saying he had no objection; later it was learned that a local station had paid McKnight \$1,000, which he turned over to the lawyer as part of the fee.

When Billie Sol Estes was tried in Tyler, his lawyers protested TV in vain; the first program opened with a biography of Judge Otis Dunagan. Sponsors included Campbell Soup, Simoniz, *Reader's Digest*, and the Dallas Morning News. When Stripper Candy Barr got 15 years for possession of one marijuana cigarette, the judge was none other than Deer Hunter Brown: the question in Dallas was how any juror could vote for acquittal when his wife had watched the curvaceous defendant on TV.

Oswald & Ruby. Defense Attorney Tom Howard, originally reported in favor of TV coverage of Ruby's trial, last



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And your friendly but persistent life insurance man will murmur an awed "No" and he'll tippy-toe out of your life forever.



Now wasn't that the most amazing little tip you've ever had from an insurance company? But it's true—life insurance is *not* for people who are indestructible, infallible and omniscient. For the rest of us, though, it is by far the sweetest, most ironclad business proposition that will ever come our way.

Dispense with the gloom and fear, hand-wringing and lip-quivering that so often go along with a discussion of life insurance. Just take a good look at the proposition itself—and have yourself a great big grin.

For instance, here's Sentry's proposition on a new \$10,000 ordinary life policy: just pay us a modest sum for 30 years; then you get all your money back and live it up. Meanwhile, from the moment you took out the policy, your estate has been \$10,000 richer. And you've built solid collateral for a low-interest loan.

True or false? Life insurance doesn't "cost" anything. True. All your money back if you live . . . or a payoff at spectacular odds in your favor if you—(But we were going to leave out the lip-quivering weren't we?)



BIG GOOD JOHN

In answer to a postcard that poured into our office, the symbol of Sentry Insurance (formerly Hardware Mutuals) is the statue of Captain John Parker at Lexington, Mass. He led the Minutemen in the first battle of the Revolution. To us, Captain John is a reminder that the right of independent decisions is our heritage—and that to exercise that right still takes personal courage. "You stand a little straighter when you've looked out for your own."

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If you're reasonably mortal, somewhat fallible and less than omniscient, why not get our happy slant on this whole subject. (One of the happiest is our Budget Plan that lets you pay for life, auto, boat and homeowners insurance in one installment once a month.) Look for Sentry Insurance in the yellow pages.



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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Banish Your Fears

"No one has ever made a more stirring address to businessmen," said Wall Street Broker Sidney Weinberg, "and in 30 years I've heard a lot of them."

Ninety top businessmen who are members of the Business Council, a liaison group between business and Government, had just emerged from the Fish Room of the White House. There, in their first meeting with the new President, Lyndon Johnson made an impassioned plea for their support.

ty of business for securities underwriters. In their annual forecast, economists of the giant Prudential Insurance Co. looked for "a continued high level of consumer and business confidence." And many top-drawer economists at a New York meeting of the National Association of Business Economists said that they were inclined to boost their forecasts of 1964 business activity.

Renewed Promise. The optimism came from far more than faith in Lyndon Johnson's smooth transition; it was backed by some pretty impressive figures. Last week steel output rose for

LABOR

Closing the Loophole

When the Retail Clerks Union signed a contract with the Food Fair supermarkets in Florida in 1960, four non-union workers protested because it included an "agency shop" clause requiring them to pay "service fees" equal to union dues. The dissenters said that this violated the right-to-work law that Florida enacted in 1944. The U.S. Supreme Court last June upheld their argument but left a question open: Is it up to the state courts or to the National Labor



MEMBERS OF THE BUSINESS COUNCIL* WITH PRESIDENT JOHNSON

An optimism based on more than faith.

"We need the can-do spirit of the American businessmen," the President told the group, which is headed by A.T. & T. Chairman Frederick Kappel and includes such prominent executives as Henry Ford II, Roger Blough and Ralph Cordiner. "So I ask you: banish your fears, shed your doubts, renew your hopes. We have much work to do."

New Outpouring. U.S. businessmen have been bullish about the economy for many months, but President Johnson's plea for help, his take-charge demeanor and his conservative appearance seem to have released a whole new outpouring of great expectations for the economy. Said Fred Kappel after the Washington meeting: "We have undiminished confidence in the economic and moral strength of the country." In Manhattan the normally undemonstrative National Association of Manufacturers pledged Johnson its "loyal support and cooperation," then predicted that 1964 would be as good for business as 1963 has been. At a Florida meeting of the Investment Bankers Association, President David J. Harris predicted a high-level economy next year and plen-

the sixth week in a row, and automakers scheduled record production for the month. Manufacturers' new orders in October rose to their highest level in five months (\$35.3 billion) and construction in the first ten months jumped 10% ahead of last year. Buoyed by renewed promise of a tax cut early next year, the stock market momentarily broke through to a new high of 763.86 on the Dow-Jones industrial average.

Predictably, retail sales dropped 5% in November's last two weeks as the nation mourned President Kennedy, and there was still the persistent problem of unemployment, which rose in November to 5.9% of the work force. But businessmen could find little cause to complain—and Washington did not seem in the mood to give them any.

Left to right (front): William Allen, president of the Boeing Co.; Charles Maritime, chairman of General Foods; Juan Terry Trippe, president of Pan American World Airways; Donald David, former dean of the Harvard Business School; Henry Ford II, chairman of the Ford Motor Co.; and Harold Boeschenstein, president of the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp.

Relations Board to interpret and enforce right-to-work laws?

In a unanimous 8-0 decision (former Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg did not take part), the Supreme Court last week held that jurisdiction over right-to-work issues lies with the state courts. "It would be odd," wrote Justice William O. Douglas, "to construe [the 1947 Taft-Hartley Law] as permitting a state to prohibit the agency clause but barring it from implementing its own law."

The decision sealed off the loophole that labor had hoped to use to circumvent the right-to-work laws that have been passed in 20 states. Right-to-work's prime target is the union shop, in which workers must join a union to keep their jobs. To overcome resistance to such compulsory union membership, labor has written agency-shop clauses into contracts covering an estimated 1,000,000 workers. But in 19 of the right-to-work states, the agency shop is now doomed. Among them, only heavily industrialized Indiana specifically permits it, and labor's only recourse in the others is outright repeal of the

right-to-work laws. And while labor has managed to repeal such laws in Delaware, Hawaii, Louisiana, Maine and New Hampshire since 1947, Indiana is the only state where it now has even a remote chance of success.

But if labor's prospects of uprooting right-to-work are dim, the prospects of the National Right-to-Work Committee, under its President S. D. Cadwallader, a Cincinnati railroad conductor, of planting it in new ground are even dimmer. In industrial states, right-to-work is political poison. Says one A.F.L.-C.I.O. spokesman: "I'd like to see them put it on the ballot."



ANTHONY (TINO) DEANGELIS
58 x 5 = doubt.

WALL STREET

Boiling in Oil

Wall Street uncomfortably watched the steady spread of one of the worst scandals in its history—the kind that so far disturbs the professionals more than the outsiders. The facts were bad enough: a \$90 million brokerage house liquidated, companies defrauded and a long string of creditors and victims left to sort out maneuverings that may cost them well over \$100 million (*TIME*, Nov. 29 *et seq.*). But one question most fascinated the Street: What had happened to millions of pounds of vegetable oil that either never existed or were somehow spirited away from a huge tank farm in New Jersey? All that remains behind are warehouse receipts that have little, if any, value.

The man who presumably knew the answer—Anthony DeAngelis, 48, the president of the bankrupt Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Corp.—clammed up. Allied set off the whole mess through its headlong speculation in vegetable-oil futures, and its failure to meet margin requirements brought down Wall Street's venerable Ira Haupt Co. Last week pudgy "Tino" DeAngelis, a one-time foreman in a New York hog-processing company, walked into a New Jersey courtroom crowded with 50 law-

yers who hoped for some answers. To the exasperation of all, DeAngelis took the Fifth Amendment 58 times in response to questions.

Shock Waves. Tino DeAngelis is an unforthcoming fellow who lives in a modest home in The Bronx, but his name has sent shock waves traveling across the U.S. and even overseas. The London stock market fell last week on news that some London banks had put money into Ira Haupt, and others into British companies that contracted for large amounts of oil from Allied. In Manhattan the brokerage house of J. R. Williston & Beane, which lost heavily in its dealings with Allied, had to be merged into the stronger Walston & Co. And in Chicago, authorities refused an operating license to Oak Crest Refining Corp., a venture in which DeAngelis is one-third owner, on grounds that one of the officers was associated with other enterprises that were infiltrated by gangsters.

One hapless victim of the mess is giant American Express Co., whose subsidiary operates the tank farm in which Allied Crude supposedly stored millions of pounds of oil. One of Allied's creditors holds receipts for 161 million lbs. of oil supposedly in Amexco's 138 tanks—but as of last week Amexco had only been able to find 7,000,000 lbs. American Express stock plummeted from \$60 to \$41 a share because stockholders feared that the company's unusual organizational setup might make it liable for the complete loss: Amexco is an unincorporated joint-stock venture rather than a corporation. The warehouse operation, however, was a subsidiary company, and a subsidiary's losses are not necessarily carried back to the parent.

Hoping for Fraud. In its efforts to restore investor confidence in the Street's brokerage houses, the New York Stock Exchange had set up a \$12 million fund to pay off Haupt's customers and liquidate the firm. The cost to the Exchange now seems likely to come to only \$9,000,000. Many members of the Exchange grumble at the money they are to be assessed to pay off Haupt's customers, and hope that in some way Haupt will eventually be found guilty of fraud; insurance companies would then have to pay off on bonds, producing enough money to cover customers' losses at no cost to anyone on the Street.

The scandal has deeply shaken many investors. Brokers got calls all last week from customers wanting to know if their securities were safe. Other investors wanted to buy insurance policies on their securities. How can the investor protect himself? If he opens a margin account to buy stock with only a down payment, he has no protection. The broker can put his stock up as collateral to borrow the rest of the price of the stock from a bank: if the broker goes bankrupt, the margin buyer loses out. Many investors do not realize that even if they pay for their stock in full, they can still lose.

Brokers often hold such stock in the brokerage firm's name, and if the customer signs a "hypothecation agreement"—as he is frequently asked to—the broker has the right to borrow from banks on his stock. Anyone can refuse to sign the agreement and insist that the stock be registered in his own name, but some Wall Street legal experts insist that the safest path for the customer is to 1) pay for the securities and take them home, or 2) if he wants to buy on margin, borrow from a bank instead of a brokerage house.

Newcomers. If the stockholders were learning a few lessons about Wall Street, so were the partners in the 36-year-old firm of Ira Haupt, who, as things are now, stand to lose everything they have. For the most part young (in their 30s) and relatively inexperienced, they allowed themselves to be taken in by Allied in their aggressive push to win new business. A third of them have been with the firm only a few months, and some of them have put into it as much as half a million dollars. But no matter how recently they joined, they were just as liable as all the rest when the mysterious empire built by Tony DeAngelis began to collapse.

AVIATION

Take-Off of the Feeders

The fastest-growing segment of the airlines industry is distinguished neither by speed nor frills nor fame. It is the 13 U.S. regional airlines, or "feeders," which use prop planes (more than half of them 190-m.p.h. DC-3s), serve no meals or free liquor and are generally



unknown to people outside the areas in which they operate. Yet regional lines have doubled in size during the past five years and, with plenty of room to grow, are expanding at the rate of 15% yearly—or three times faster than the big trunk airlines.

In 1963's first nine months, the regionals flew a record 1.4 billion passenger miles and collected \$167.7 million in revenues. They not only aggressively seek more American passengers at home, but are now out to capture the growing U.S. foreign tourist trade. Last week the regionals were promoting a new "Visit U.S.A." ticket that for a bargain \$100 entitles a foreign visitor to 15 days of unlimited flying on any of the 13 lines.²

Short Hops. With each line serving five or six states, the regionals span the entire U.S., performing the dual function of linking smaller communities and feeding air travelers into large airports for connections with the major airlines. Airports on regional routes are often spartan, but under a multimillion-dollar federal program have recently been equipped with new landing and safety aids. The regionals have a safety and reliability record that is generally every bit as good as the huge trunk airlines, and they serve nearly twice as many points (577).

Because the hops are short (an average 93 miles v. 335 miles for the trunks) and the towns usually small, planes spend much money-losing time on the ground and often fly only a third full (one reason for trying to attract foreign tourists). The regionals have depended on federal subsidy (\$69 million in 1963) since they came to life after World War II, and have only barely scraped by. But Civil Aeronautics Board Chairman Alan S. Boyd has increased subsidies, enabling them to make an operating profit of \$13.4 million last year and to hope to do almost as well this year.

Though modest, the profits have restored the faith of the shareholders and awakened the interest of bankers. Last month Lewis W. Dymond, 43, the president of Denver-based Frontier Airlines, declared the first dividend in the line's 17-year history, and Robert E. Peach, 43, president of Mohawk (upstate New York), became the first regional president to raise money in Wall Street—\$12 million to buy four British Aircraft Corp. One-Eleven jetliners.

Strength Through Size. Will the regionals get off the dole? Part of the problem is that the CAB, under pressure from Congressmen and local politicians, requires the regionals to fly unprofitable "public service" routes. Even so, some regional presidents expect in time to go it alone. Edmund Converse, 56, president of Las Vegas-based Bo-

Which holiday greeting is older... the first Christmas Card or Gordon's Gin?

Gordon's Gin was an English holi-day greeting 74 years before Mr. J. C. Horsley designed the first Christmas card. The Gordon's you drink today harks back to Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula, for one doesn't tamper with a good thing... especially when it is the world's biggest seller. This year send cards, serve and give Gordon's London Dry Gin.



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VIRGINIA-CAROLINA CHEMICAL CORPORATION

has become effective.

The undersigned assisted in the negotiations and acted as financial advisors to Virginia-Carolina Chemical Corporation in connection with this merger.

Lazard Frères & Co.

Central National Corporation

December 5, 1963

² Allegheny, Bonanza, Central, Frontier, Luke Central, Mohawk, North Central, Ozark, Pacific, Piedmont, Southern, Trans-Fexas and West Coast.



LAUNCHING OF WORLD'S LARGEST ALUMINUM BARGE
Also a sardine can that's easy to open.

anza, has reduced his line's per-mile subsidy to the industry's lowest by attracting more passengers through promotional fares. At Minneapolis North Central Airlines, President Hal N. Carr, 42, is saving \$5,000 monthly with a new computerized reservation service. Converse and Carr both feel that they would be stronger if they were bigger, have each proposed mergers with weaker neighbors.

But the best hope of the regionals to gain altitude financially lies in the desire of the majors to get out of the short-haul business. Says Bonanza's Converse: "As the trunks turn increasingly to faster jets and longer routes, we'll come up right under them and take over the short-haul market."

INDUSTRY

Back to Glamour

As the nation's second most widely used metal (after steel), aluminum is a fair barometer of prosperity, since it is still considered a "glamorous" metal and is usually more expensive than steel. The industry, hit by an economic recession, overcapacity and a cutback in Government stockpiling, has not looked very glamorous since 1958. But rising U.S. wealth has brought back some of the shine to aluminum. Nowadays it seems to be almost everywhere, from towering curtain-wall skyscrapers to a whole new family of seamless, zip-top, snap-top and soft-top aluminum cans. Though profits have not yet kept pace, production is running at 95% of capacity, and shipments have risen 11% so far in 1963, to an annual rate of 3,100,000 tons.

Esthetic Triumph. Aluminum was once shaped mostly into airplanes or pots and pans, but its new uses are many. Production of aluminum cans will double this year to 160 million lbs., and President John D. Harper of Alcoa, the

giant of the industry, figures that next year the metal will be used in 75% of all beer cans. Alcoa is also perfecting a process in which seamless aluminum cans can be formed in a single operation from one small disc of metal, and is working toward a kitchen triumph: the first easy-to-open sardine can, a zip-top.

The average 1964 auto includes 70 lbs. of aluminum, up 7 lbs. from two years ago. Reynolds is working on car wheels and an engine made of aluminum. Alcoa is marketing portable buildings that can be zipped together or taken apart in hours, are especially suitable for branch banks, temporary schools or mobile offices. The electric power industry is a particularly attractive area for marketing light metal; Reynolds supplied the cable for a 350-mile power line looping through West Virginia and Virginia, and Kaiser sold the first all-aluminum transmission tower to Florida Power Co. Aluminum is going into more and more boats as well as into railroad cars and truck bodies; New Orleans' Avondale Shipyards recently launched the world's largest aluminum barge, a giant whose lightness enables it to carry 14% more cargo weight than similar steel barges.

Scramble Overseas. With such advances, the U.S. now uses 29 lbs. of aluminum per person annually—three times as much as any other nation. But demand for aluminum is growing even faster abroad. Alcoa is building plants in Australia, Surinam and Mexico, hopes to raise its overseas capacity 30% within three years. Reynolds is putting up a mill in Canada and a fabricating plant in Turkey, and Kaiser has opened plants in India and West Germany. Recently, Kaiser joined Canada's Aluminum Ltd., France's Pechiney and Britain's Rio Tinto-Zinc Corp. in ambitious plans to build and operate a \$112 million alumina plant in Australia. When all the world finally takes to aluminum, the U.S. companies plan to be there—profitably.

* Puny beside steel's 108 million tons, but aluminum weighs so much less.

PERSONALITIES

WHEN Financier Allan P. Kirby in 1961 lost control of Allegheny Corp., a huge holding company that controls a \$6.5 billion rail and financial empire, those who did not know him well thought that he might retire to his 27-room mansion and clip coupons. After all, Kirby, now 71, was already worth at least \$250 million through major holdings in Woolworth, I.T. & T., Phillips Petroleum, Manufacturers Hanover Trust and the New York Central Railroad. But Kirby is as stubborn as he is rich. He began a battle to regain control of Allegheny from the men who had wrested it from him, Texas Millionaire Brothers John Murichison, 41, and Clint Jr., 39.

Last week, after a long battle in which he finally outmaneuvered the oil-rich Texans and outmoneymed them by plunking down \$10,670,000 to achieve outright control of Allegheny, Allan Kirby officially resumed his role as chairman and chief executive. Back in as president went Kirby's longtime ally, Charles T. Ireland Jr., 42. "I suppose all of them believed they could just sit down and get me to back down," says Kirby of his opponents. His only regret is that the victory took so long: "I wouldn't have minded the time so much had I been younger."

Gracious and imprented under his formidably brusque exterior, Kirby lives on 64 acres in Morristown, N.J., owns three other homes around the U.S. and a fishing lodge on the Gaspe Peninsula. His art collection is one of the country's best, includes Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Reynolds and Gilbert Stuart. But Kirby's greatest interest is in watching over his huge fortune, a job he has done so well that it has more than quintupled since he received his legacy from his wealthy father.



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WORLD BUSINESS

MIDDLE EAST

Oil Squeeze

Haggling is a way of life in the Middle East, but the oil-rich nations there have made it a disciplined science. Historically fractious, they have united in a new and powerful outfit that is out to break once and for all the traditional fifty-fifty split of oil profits between governments and companies. The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, as the group calls itself, last month demanded a 58% share of the profits for their governments in negotiations with the eight major oil companies operating in the Middle East. Since the new split would cost oil companies \$270 million a year, they countered with a compromise proposal, which OPEC last week rejected as "completely unacceptable."

Founded in 1960, OPEC now has eight members—Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Libya, Qatar, Saudi Arabia and Venezuela—and controls 90% of the world's oil exports. "Oil is the only resource that God gave us," says OPEC's secretary-general, Fuad Rounani, 56. "We are not so much underdeveloped nations as we are underpaid nations." Having rebuffed the oil industry's big eight (five of which are U.S. companies), OPEC plans a meeting in the Saudi Arabia capital of Riyadh later this month to decide what is next. Though nervous, few oilmen expect OPEC to recommend nationalization to member governments, though even a hint of that is an effective weapon in the haggling process. More likely, OPEC will simply try to squeeze more money out of the oil companies by imposing taxes on tanker loadings and pipeline shipments.

MANAGEMENT

Search for Talent

The scarcest commodity both in young nations and in old European nations that feel the need to learn new industrial ways is often neither labor nor raw materials; it is well-trained business managers. With 176 graduate schools of business turning out eager beavers, the U.S. is well supplied with business talent, but many other countries have to scramble to get the managers they badly need. Many nations that once scorned business schools as mere trade schools are now opening some of their own. Most are patterned after U.S. business schools, particularly after the dean of them all, Harvard Business School. Sought as a model because of its highly successful case-study method of teaching and its after-years courses to upgrade already experienced businessmen, Harvard in recent years has exported a score of professors, been the inspiration for business schools in Tur-

key, Italy, Mexico, Japan, France, Switzerland, Spain and Pakistan.

No Room. Tokyo boasts of its "humble Japanese edition of Harvard Business School," and Harvard helped to turn an old Cistercian nunnery at Fontainebleau into the excellent European Institute of Business Administration. But not even Harvard can meet all the demands. Last week the Peruvian government announced plans to open, with the help of U.S. aid money, a graduate school of business administration modeled after Stanford University's school. Fortnight ago Britain's Lord Oliver Franks, retired chairman of Lloyd's of London and a former British ambassador to the U.S., issued an industry-

many there are practically no business schools: both universities and businessmen resist teaching courses in business, arguing that a man usually stays with one company all his life and can learn all he needs on the job. This attitude is not dominant in the rest of Western Europe. Such companies as Nestle in Switzerland and E.N.I., Italy's state-owned oil and gas monopoly, wanted schools so badly that each has sponsored its own.

While new business schools abroad are designed to make competent executives out of every student, they are also becoming valuable training grounds for the wealthy sons of managers of family-owned businesses, who are certain, in the West European tradition, to take over the firm some day. The outstanding Escuela Superior de Administración



LORD OLIVER FRANKS



JAPANESE BUSINESS SCHOOL STUDENTS

Following a U.S. pattern.

sponsored report strongly calling for the establishment of new business schools in Manchester and London.

The new schools are answers to demands from businessmen for U.S.-style facilities to train both university graduates and experienced executives in such bedrock business principles as finance, marketing, personnel relations and production management. There are already about 150 institutions outside the U.S. that call themselves business schools, but most of them deal heavily in esoteric theory rather than practical problems, do not draw the best students. On the other hand, such good schools as the 96-year-old Ecole de Hautes Etudes Commerciales in Paris had room for only 300 candidates out of 1,600 applicants last year. Among its graduates: Automaker François Peugeot and Louis Vaudable, owner of Maxim's.

One for the Boss. Several U.S. business schools have helped to set up counterparts in many countries: Michigan State sent 30 faculty members to Brazil's São Paulo to help set up the Escola de Administração, now considered Latin America's best business school. But in highly industrialized West Ger-

y Dirección de Empresas in Barcelona has recognized this fact of life by gearing three separate courses. One is for already established managers, one for relatives who are certain to become boss, and one for youths presumably destined by circumstance to rise no higher than departmental heads.

AUSTRIA

The Red Insurance Man

Behind drawn draperies in a ponderously furnished, strangely silent office on Vienna's Wohllebengasse (Alley of Good Living) lies one of the key outposts of the Communist drive for East-West trade. It is Garant Insurance, a Russian-owned-and-operated firm set up under Austrian law, and its business is supplying coverage for Western businessmen who trade with the Soviet bloc. In the five years of its existence, Garant has seen its premium income soar from less than \$600,000 to \$4,000,000 this year; it now does business with some of the best-known manufacturers in Western Europe.

Westerners who want to trade with the Soviet bloc often find it difficult to

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get sufficient insurance against credit defaults or loss or damage to their goods after they cross the Iron Curtain. Western governments generally discourage or prohibit giving Communist customers anything but the most limited credit. And Western insurance firms, for the most part, consider such business neither safe nor profitable. One of the few U.S. firms to try it—a 15-company consortium—went out of business more than six months ago.

Garant gets around all this. Managed by a troika of Soviet citizens headed by Sergei Karpovich, 40, the company handles just about everything from automobile to aviation insurance, but its big business is insurance for exporters dealing with the Communists (including Red China). Luring Western businessmen with premiums as low as 0.1%—"completely unrealistic," complains one Western insurer—it pulls in trade by writing policies for almost every conceivable business risk. "What success do you suppose we'd have," asks one West German insurer, "in bringing action against a Communist state railway for negligence?" Garant has won a reputation for paying off quickly and without red tape when such trouble occurs.

Garant thus helps obtain for Soviet-bloc countries Western credit that otherwise would not be extended, and also pulls in the Western currency that Russia needs in her trade offensive. But in the "third-man" atmosphere of Vienna, few believe that its sole concern is insurance. It twice got into trouble for trying to buy into Western European projects in violation of Austrian law, and strong suspicion persists that it owns sizable shares of stock in several Western European manufacturers. It has ties with about 40 insurance agents in the West, has pressed the Austrian government for the right to become a full banking institution. But its image as an independent business is not helped by the fact that the upper three stories of Garant's five-story building house officials of the Soviet government.

ASIA

Choppers over Pakistan

When U.S. oil crews used helicopters to fly to remote drilling sites in Pakistan eight years ago, the Pakistanis were so intrigued by the strange machines that the pilots had to keep their rotor blades turning while on the ground to hold back the curious crowds. Last week Pakistanis were not only staring at helicopters, but flying in them too. Pakistan International Airlines has started a helicopter service that will eventually link 20 east-Pakistan towns in the world's most extensive helicopter network. In a land where travel is made slow and difficult by hundreds of marshes and rivers, the three Sikorsky twin-turbine helicopters will reduce travel time dramatically: the 25-hour river trip that is now the shortest way between Dacca



PIA HELICOPTER



COMMODORE KHAN

Flying before they walk in shoes.

and Chalna will be cut to 45 minutes by air, the 22-hour surface trip from Dacca to Faridpur to 17 minutes.

The ambitious helicopter service is the latest of a series of breakthroughs by Pakistan's small but surprisingly strong and aggressive airline. Playing both sides of the Sino-Soviet split, PIA this summer became the first foreign airline (besides Russia's Aeroflot) to gain landing rights in Red China, and the first foreign airline to win the right to fly through Moscow on the Europe-to-Asia run.

Founded as a nationalized company in 1955 from the remnants of a rundown private airline, PIA ran up heavy financial losses and a horrendous safety record until Field Marshal Ayub Khan, after coming to power in 1958, installed a Pakistan Air Force commodore as PIA's boss. Commodore Nur Khan (no kin) fired seven senior captains, enforced strict discipline and turned PIA into one of the few nationalized airlines that make a profit. Khan gets no government subsidy and brooks no government meddling, runs PIA with a maximum of free enterprise.

In a part of the world where domestic airline service is often shoddy, Khan dressed his stewardesses in fetching shalwar pantaloons, improved the service and the food. One of the few world-airline chiefs who can fly his own jets—and sometimes does—Khan has increased PIA's fleet to 20 planes and extended routes until they now stretch from Rangoon to New York. But he is proudest of PIA's vital role in linking Pakistan's divided nation—separated by 1,000 miles of India—and in bringing the advantage of modern transportation to a backward land. "Just think," he says: "many of the farmers flying in our planes have never worn shoes."

Why generals have always had a tent of their own.

Thoughts on first class travel—a series by American Airlines.



Gen. John J. Pershing, in Mexico, 1916.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Princess Birgitta, 26, one-time gym teacher, granddaughter of Sweden's King Gustaf VI Adolf; and Prince Johann Georg von Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, 30, archaeology student; their second child, first daughter; in Munich. Name: Désirée Margarethe Victoria Louise Sybilla Katharina Maria.

Married. Alan Dobie, 31, spit-and-polish R.A.F. drillmaster in the hit Broadway comedy, *Chips With Everything*; and Maureen Scott, 20, English folk singer; he for the second time; in a 9 a.m. ceremony Monday at Gerrard's Cross, Buckingham, for which Dobie jetted to London and back without missing a single performance.

Married. Edward William Carter, 52, president of Broadway-Hale Stores, pillar of California community enterprise (fund raiser for the Los Angeles art museum, University of California regent); and Hannah Locke Caldwell, 49, member of the first (1936) U.S. women's Olympic ski team; both for the second time; in Menlo Park, Calif.

Died. Captain Michael Donald Groves, 27, of the Army's Honor Guard Company, who directed the mixed service detachment that stood vigil over President Kennedy's casket in the White House and at the Capitol; of a heart attack; at Fort Myer, Va.

Died. Sabu Dastagir, 39, Indian-born cinematographer, who became a star at twelve when cast by Director Robert Flaherty in the title role of *Elephant Boy*, starred in a herd of Eastern westerns (*Drums*, *The Thief of Bagdad*); of a heart attack; in Hollywood.

Died. Grant Stockdale, 48, Miami real estate broker and early Kennedy-for-President booster, who was appointed ambassador to Ireland in March 1961 in recognition of campaign work and generous party donations, but was forced to resign after serious reverses in the May 1962 stock market slump, after which increasing nervous strain left him unable to cope with the news of the President's assassination; by his own hand (defenestration); in Miami.

Died. Elizabeth Turrill Bentley, 55, onetime Communist whose disclosures of wartime Soviet espionage led to the conviction of more than a dozen top Reds between 1948 and 1951; following surgery for an abdominal tumor; in New Haven, Conn. A frumpy New Englander who studied socialism at Vassar ('30), Elizabeth Bentley joined the Communist Party in 1935 when she fell in love with Soviet Spy Jacob Golos, became an underground courier between New York and Washington; Golos died in 1943, and Bentley soon after left the party, calling Communism

"a kind of missionary complex, upside down," provided the FBI with information that implicated Assistant Secretary of Treasury Harry Dexter White (he was never indicted) and helped convict WPB Aide William Remington of perjury and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg of stealing atomic secrets.

Died. Jimmy Hatlo, 65, cartoonist, who for nearly 30 years skewered the foibles of white-collar America in his syndicated Hearst feature, "They'll Do It Every Time"; of a heart attack; in Pebble Beach, Calif. In Hatlo's mildly cynical humor, people typically said one thing while doing another—such as the lush who tumbled off the wagon on Jan. 2. And their names were in character: J. Pluvius Bigdome, president of Bilgewater Beverage; Tremblechin, his office stooge; and little Iodine, Tremblechin's daughter, who proved so antiseptic that she earned a strip of her own.

Died. Phil Baker, 67, master of ceremonies from 1942 to 1950 on CBS radio's pre-inflation giveaway *Take It Or Leave It*, who asked questions of such amiable simplicity ("Which of these MacDonalds had a farm?" Old.) that his challenge, "Now here's the \$64 question," found its way into the language: of cancer; in Copenhagen.

Died. Edward Kellogg Strong Jr., 79, California psychologist and inventor of the Strong Vocational Test, which used hobbies and emotional responses to determine occupations for the subject; of cancer; in Menlo Park, Calif.

Died. Archibald Henderson, 86, University of North Carolina mathematician, official biographer of George Bernard Shaw, who was a crony of Mark Twain's and studied relativity with Einstein before asking in 1904 to become Shaw's biographer, so impressed The Beard with his erudition (G.B.S. called him "the Grand Panjandrum") that he produced not one but three full-scale lives of the Methuselan playwright; of a heart ailment; in Chapel Hill, N.C.

Died. The Most Rev. Alfonso Carinci, 101, oldest Roman Catholic bishop, since 1956 secretary emeritus of the Vatican's Sacred Congregation of Rites, who recalled the first Vatican Council, which ended in 1870, celebrated his centenary while attending meetings of the second; in Rome.

Died. George Eli Whitney, 101, Yankee tinkerer, inventor (in 1896) of the two-cylinder auto steam engine that powered the first Locomobile, a grandnephew of the inventor of the cotton gin, who dreamed up more than 150 gizmos, including a garage-door closer and a portable asphalt brick machine; in Manchester, N.H.



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George Santayana: The Life of Reason, 1905 © 1985

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Artist: David Waisanen

CINEMA

A Priest's Story

The Cardinal. Producer-Director Otto Preminger has a penchant for grand and explosive themes: the establishment of the Jewish nation in *Exodus*, Washington politics in *Advise and Consent*, race in *Porgy and Bess*. Now he catechizes all the hopes, strains, doubts and pains of Roman Catholicism in one big, bad movie that millions will flock to see. *Cardinal* is the story, based on the late Henry Morton Robinson's 1950 bestseller, of a poor boy from Boston who rises through the priesthood to be-



TRYON & HUSTON IN "CARDINAL"
"Will miracles never cease?"

come a prince of the Roman Catholic Church. It is sure-sell religiosity.

Visually the film is often breathtaking, photographed in color on a vast canvas stretching from New England to Rome and Vienna. Tom Tryon, lithe and beatific as Father Stephen Fermoyle, plays the prospective prince. At first he falters. His sister Mona (Carol Lynley) tells him in the confessional that she has "slept with" a boy (John Saxon) whom she cannot marry because he is a Jew. Fermoyle never gives absolution, for he has long since despaired of converting the boy, who utters wisecracks like: "Hasn't Darwin kind of put the skids to *Genesis*?"

It is Mona who hits the skids. She soon turns up doing the tango in a purple brocade dress, and next time Stephen sees her she is an expectant mother whose life hangs on a delicate thread of Catholic dogma. To save Mona, doctors ask permission to perform a fetal craniotomy, crushing the infant's head. Fermoyle refuses. Mona dies in childbirth, and the baby grows up into a happy, well-adjusted niece, so that takes care of that.

Meanwhile Fermoyle brightens a

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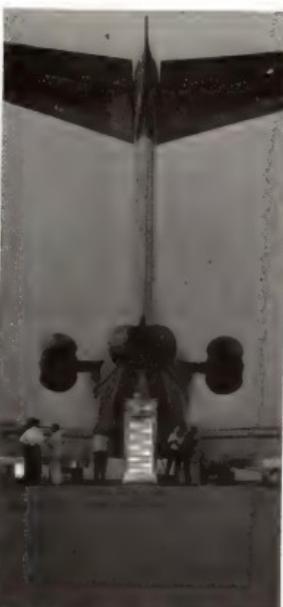
poverty-stricken country parish and becomes a secretary to Cardinal Glennon of Boston, a role played by Director John Huston with a ripsnorting vitality that all but steals the show. Smoking an expensive cigar, raising the devil with a young curate, or getting riotously seasick en route to Rome, Huston is superb. He wangles a Vatican appointment for his bright young aide, but Fermyole, inconsolable over Mona, gets a two-year leave from the priesthood. Such leave is rarely granted in fact, and even in the movie Fermyole is still bound by vows of celibacy. While teaching in Vienna, he meets minx-eyed Fraulein Romy Schneider, who pledges herself to woo him away from God. He remains pure—his decencies are legion—but not without a struggle. "I cannot ask you to kiss me while you are still married to the church," Romy purrs, "but in Vienna it is a sin even for a married man not to dance the waltz." And Actress Schneider makes twice-around-the-ballroom seem a soul-shattering experience for any male.

Still to come are the least likely episodes of Preminger's massive liturgy. On a visit to Georgia, Monsignor Fermyole wins singlehanded a battle with small-town bigots after getting himself horsewhipped by the Klan. Years later, after he has reached his episcopacy, Fermyole takes on Adolf Hitler: he returns to Vienna to talk sense to Cardinal Innitzer (the real-life churchman who welcomed Nazis to Austria prior to the Anschluss of 1938). The episode ends ludicrously: as Brownshirts riot around Innitzer's palace, Soprano Wilma Lipp and 200 members of the Wiener Jueneuse Choir huddle primly in the plaza, singing Mozart's *Alleluia* without skipping a half note. Will miracles never cease?

The Cardinal has something for every race, creed and collar. In one irrelevant sequence, it even has Broadway Comedy Star Robert Morse (*How to Succeed, etc.*) doing a song-and-dance routine with half a dozen Adora-Belles dressed up like Statues of Liberty. Preminger already knows how to succeed. "The church loves show business," Preminger said recently, while promoting the film among Catholic dignitaries at the Vatican. One U.S. bishop raised a wistful objection: "The picture makes clerical life a lot more exciting than it really is." Amen.

"Where the Hell Are We?"

Hallelujah the Hills! A man chops vigorously at the trunk of a tree containing 36 girls. Somebody grabs somebody's nose in a nutcracker and darn near twists it off. A yokel sits on his front porch and earnestly whittles a new seat for a two-holer. Two young men stalk a birthday cake and then pump it full of bullets. One of them runs slowly across the screen, stark-naked. "Cuckoo!" says a clock on the sound track. "Cuckoo!" And it really is. "Where the hell are we?" somebody



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The barrels are streaked and gray from the weather. The sun bakes them in summer. They're whipped by wind-blown sheets of fresh rain which whistles down the valley from vine-tying time until well after harvest. Winter snows melt to form little icicle fingers which hang off the barrels.

Years go by. The sherry ages and mellows in the wood. The barrels were full in the beginning. But over the years the sun and air draw off thousands of



gallons of wine, right out through the oaken barrel staves. That adds up to about \$100,000 worth of sherry lost each year.

But the wine that stays in the barrels—this wine grows mellower. Matures. Gradually. There's no hurry.

When the weathering is done, we blend the mature sherry with other aged stocks stored in our cellars, and this perpetuates the taste of our famous sherry.

If you're ever upstate around Canandaigua Lake, come see our wine barrel roofs. We're at the south end of the lake, in the valley, at Naples, New York. Widmer New York State Sheries: ■ Cocktail Sherry ■ Special Selection Sherry ■ Cream Sherry ■ Sherry (medium).

WIDMER

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wants to know as the film begins. We are lost in the woods of Vermont, that's where, and so are those two schloofs on the screen. One is called Jack (Peter H. Beard) and the other Leo (Marty Greenbaum), and they are both in love with Vera. But Vera has just married Gideon and the boys are terribly upset. How could she! How could she be so cruel to two passionate admirers who have seen her at least once a year for the last seven years?

To console themselves, the rejected suitors organize the first surrealistic camping trip in world history; and before the trip is finished, sober old Vermont turns into a landscape by Salvador Dali. First off, the boys light up



PETER H. BEARD IN "HALLELUJAH"
Can this surreally be camping?

a 12-ft. stack of logs—to boil a can of soup. Then they go jeeping across an open field in pursuit of a terrified farmer—whom they try to lasso. And all the while they recollect in flashback the crazy things they did while they were courting—like, say, the time Leo peeled a banana, slipped it in the breast pocket of Jack's best suit, gave him a hearty slap on the chest.

To pratfall farce the film superadds cinematic shenanigans. It resorts to slow motion, fast motion, stop-motion. The screen continually changes size and shape. One frame carries Russian subtitles and another Japanese. Suddenly a grizzly bear materializes on the screen and just as suddenly dissolves. At one point, while the heroes grapple in a foot of snow, the sound track plays ethnic music from equatorial Africa. And all through the film, the cinéaste moviegoer will be able to detect sly little mementos of D. W. Griffith, Sergei Eisenstein, Akira Kurosawa, Michelangelo Antonioni—and Ma and Pa Kettle.

Written and directed by Adolfas Mekas, a hard-shell cinema nut who lives on Manhattan's Lower East Side and has never made a feature film



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Thanks, darling. Why don't you have one, too? And we'll have a private little Christmas celebration. Umm. Of course it's good. Grant's is eight years old and I think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. Cheers, my love.

The choice and cherished eight-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Eighty-six proof. Grant's Eight is imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York.
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before, *Hallelujah* is the weirdest, wooziest, wackiest screen comedy of 1963—and what's more, it cost only \$75,000 from concept to can. Often corny and sometimes precious, it is nevertheless a slapstick poem, an intellectual hellzapoppin, a gloriously fresh experiment and experience in the cinema of the absurd.

At Home in Ambrosia

Billy Liar. Thousands cheer. Victorious in battle, laden with decorations for heroism, the beloved dictator smiles. He raises his arm in a smart, left-handed salute. Suddenly his mother begins banging a spoon against the bannister downstairs: "Hey, your boiled egg is stone-cold." All right, luv. He goes to breakfast, gets ready for work, listens to Mum, Dad and Granny whining platitudes until he turns from his shaving mirror just long enough to mow them down with a tommy gun.

The dictator is Billy Liar, hero of a tragicomic fantasy that squeaks out a success by using its essentially hackneyed humor to freshen up what might have been merely another grim study of working-class life in the industrial cities of England. To make this world bearable, Billy embroiders it with fantasies, one of which encompasses a swell little totalitarian state known as Ambrosia. It is well worth a visit, largely because the acting is unbeatable.

As Billy, Tom Courtenay (*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*) seems the apotheosis of misspent youth. Director John Schlesinger often takes fancy too literally, weighing it down with sets and costumes, and Courtenay's hectic inner life is hilarious all by itself. The movie soars when he tosses an imaginary hand grenade as the ultimate solution of some minor social disgrace. When he lolls around his boss's office practicing a speech of resignation, Courtenay steers an unpredictable course from Churchill imitations to doubletalk to mere gibberish, and brings off moments of pluperfect screen comedy.

Real objects and real people are enigmas to Billy. He loathes his job at Shadrack and Duxbury, an undertaking firm. He yearns to go off to London and become a scriptwriter before Mr. Shadrack closes in on him about the postage money he has pilfered. Girls are a problem too. He is engaged to Rita and Barbara, but loves his heatnik playmate Liz, portrayed by Julie Christie, an actress so brimful of careless charm that she parlays a few brief scenes into instant stardom.

Liz knows the truth about Billy Liar. Escaping to London is a snap, she says. "You just buy a ticket and get on a train—that's all you do." In a bitter climax, laughter gives way to self-knowledge, to quiet defeat. While Liz heads for London alone, Billy saunters back toward the cold but certain comforts of home—and the loyal troops of Ambrosia fall into step behind him.



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Perfect dish to plan a candlelit supper for two around. Looks and tastes like you'd spent hours in the kitchen preparing it. Stouffer's cooks did. Alaska King Crab. Tender king crab meat blended with a smooth, creamy sauce flavored with fine wine. Goes great in a party buffet, too. Pick it out when you pass the quality section of your grocer's freezer. Please someone special with one of Stouffer's Restaurants' most popular recipes.

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TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims,

to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.
(from TIME Publisher's Letter)

BOOKS

The Ages of Sin

POMPADOUR by Jacques Levron 279 pages. St Martin's, \$6.95

If the infamous mistresses of France's famous Kings were fallen women, it was for years possible to envy them for having fallen in so lush a spot as the Palace of Versailles. Then historians began discovering that Versailles was a drafty place, where the public privies had no doors. Now along comes a



MME. DE POMPADOUR
Behind the mask.

Frenchman named Jacques Levron with a revised portrait of Mme. de Pompadour, probably the richest and most celebrated courtesan of all time, as a woman harassed almost beyond human endurance by illness and intrigue. To hear Levron tell it, the poor girl might just as well have been married.

Grasshopper King. Life with Louis was just one damned thing after another. As the first member of the middle class ever to become an official mistress to a French King, Pompadour was target for the gibes of high-born courtiers from the day she was installed in the palace in 1745 until the day she died there—after dutifully getting the King's permission to do so—in 1764. At first her intellectual mentor, Voltaire, had to correct her in a whisper at state dinners because her middle-class turn of phrase was so foreign to the phony formulas of the court. Her surname (Poisson, which means fish) was an endless source of cruel merriment.

Where women were concerned, Louis is combined a grasshopper's attention span with the appetite of a tiger. Pompadour, who suffered from tuberculosis, desperately sought to divert him to less athletic pursuits, like amateur theatri-

cals, at which she was gifted, and small dinner parties where the king could "pour his own coffee" and see a few friends. It was a great relief when, as her adviser, the Abbé de Bernis, related with exquisite courtliness, the King's "friendship took the place of gallantry." But then Pompadour had to be doubly on guard against being driven from favor by more lusty ladies—among them a curvaceous Celt with the improbable name of Louise O'Murphy who "looked like a naughty Rubens." The strain was terrific. "When in private she could remove her mask," Levron writes, "she was, at thirty-seven, already an elderly, exhausted and haggard woman who spat blood."

Loyalties of the Purse. Inevitably, much of Author Levron's material is not new. Nancy Mitford nine years ago produced a lighthearted biography sympathizing with Pompadour's difficulties and praising her good taste, which, since she was the major patroness of the arts in France, set the age's style in painting and sculpture and architecture.

What sets Levron's work apart is that he approaches Pompadour not merely as an apologist and admirer but as an archivist—he is curator of all the historic papers at Versailles. Delving into little-known notebooks and letters, he supports his assessments of her character with elaborate documentation of her daily housekeeping and the worthy causes she supported.

Occasionally Levron seems to suffer from biographer's lens, a distorting disability that makes the writer's subject loom through history at elephant-size while other personages appear as ants. Describing the Seven Years' War, in which Austria and France were eventually drubbed by England and Prussia, Levron somehow creates the impression that Mme. de Pompadour was fighting the war singlehanded—writing almost daily letters to generals on all fronts, conniving with the Viennese court, desperately trying to put a little pluck into her King and his flagging ministers, many of whom, Levron admits, she had chosen personally.

If this seems ridiculous now, at least one potentate of the time saw things Levron's way. In 1757, Frederick II of Prussia secretly wrote offering her the "principality of Neuchâtel and Valsin" if she would see that peace was signed. Pompadour ignored him.

Truth & Consequences

THE ELEPHANT by Sławomir Mrozek 176 pages. Grove, \$3.95

A prudent lion refuses to rend Christians in the arena—not because he cares about them but because he senses that they may soon take political power in Rome and he wants his act of neutrality to be on record.

A well-heeled small-town matron, thinking a canary too common a pet,

keeps a live revolutionary caged in her drawing room instead.

A Communist radio announcer describes the tag end of a May Day parade: "We can already hear the noise of stamping and shuffling," he says with enthusiasm. "Yes, here they come. Our glorious incomparable rehabilitated invalids. A spirited detachment of legless men who are swinging their crutches with gusto. Wooden legs reflect the sun. Two men who have lost an arm each get together so they can clap."

Sławomir Mrozek, author of these and scores of other weird vignettes, is a brilliant young Polish satirist. His brief mixtures of fay anecdote and topsy-turvy fable have as their most persistent source of humor the howling gap that exists between the world as it is depicted by Communist rhetoricians and the world as it really is.

In one story, Mrozek zeroes in on the absurdity of Communist hortatory jargon that often lends heroic titles to mundane party functionaries, hoping to inspire them. A group of civil servants is likened to eagles, and Mrozek takes the elevation literally. Warsaw clerks suddenly begin flying around their offices. They soar away from their desks, take to the mountains in southern Poland, and even begin carrying off lambs. Lead weights, which authorities eagerly attached to their shoes, did no good. Mrozek records with relish—"they escaped in their socks."

Journeying in the country, one of Mrozek's imaginary commentators comes on a much vaunted new telegraph line. But it turns out that the poles have been stolen and the wires were never delivered. Officials, however, have re-



MROZEK
Behind the jargon.

placed them with a "more modern" system—men stationed every 100 yards to shout the messages. "There is no storm damage to repair," a local man proudly explains. "And the postmaster has gone to Warsaw to ask for megaphones." Then comes a shouted message. "Father dead. Funeral Wednesday."

Mrozek's fantasies, not always political, are often enigmatic, and frequent-



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ly most haunting when most bizarre. A housewife has trouble talking about marriage troubles to a priest confessor because he can think only of adultery, and her secret is that she has just discovered her handsome spouse is made entirely of plasticene. "An annulment, Father?" she says, when he finally offers advice. "But we have three children."

The Reluctant Idol

WANDERER by Sterling Hayden. 434 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

He had no screen career to speak of—noting to compare with Cooper or Gable or Bogart. But Sterling Hayden was a celebrity of sorts in Hollywood. His irresistible appeal was that he was the authentic article. He had gone to sea at 17, dory-trawling for haddock, hake and scrod from ramshackle schooners on the stormy Newfoundland banks. At 22 he was a master mariner. His first command was a brigantine, which he sailed to Tahiti. He spent the war as an OSS officer operating with the partisans in Yugoslavia rather than on the Warner Brothers lot. And periodically, to prove that he was sincere; he ran away from Hollywood.

Hayden tells his story with honesty, humor and considerably more literary flair than is summoned by the ghostly hacks who write most Hollywood memoirs. He was one of the last beneficiaries and victims of the star-building system that died with television, and he describes the system's absurdities with the relish of a man who never really belonged. Hollywood's effect on Hayden was curious: whereas most leading men (Flynn, Bogart, Wayne) began after a time to believe their own roistering publicity, Hayden found himself beginning to disbelieve in everything he had ever done.

Jump Ahead. Son of a New Jersey advertising salesman, Hayden caught his first glimpse of the sea in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where his mother and stepfather had fled a jump ahead of the creditors. Before long he was slipping down to the Gloucester and Boston docks to beg a berth on the beam trawlers. By the time he got his skipper's papers, he was something of a local hero (LOCAL SAILOR LIKE MOVIE IDOL headlined the Boston Post). A well-meaning friend sent a letter to a Hollywood agent: "There's a young fellow back here named Hayden. He is twenty-four years old, six feet four inches tall, weighs 220 . . ."

Nobody fooled himself that Hayden could act. Week after week he sat idly around the lot drawing \$600 a month from Paramount Pictures and lifting weights in the studio gymnasium. Finally he was given the second male lead, behind Fred MacMurray and opposite Madeleine Carroll (whom he later married) in *Virginia*, and the big publicity boom was on.

But he was restless, and although Paramount promised him an \$18,000



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schooner to keep him happy, he wiggled out of his contract to go off to war. When he returned, he was starred in a dreary succession of B pictures, but the pay in those last palmy days was considerably higher—upwards of \$160,000 a year.

Off to Tahiti, it only made Hayden more restless. He lived on and off boats, consulted a psychiatrist and watched his career slide. He describes how he was asked to play Tarzan by a zealous producer who had heard he had a flaming desire to save the world: "Maybe you don't realize that Tarzan represents the free man who stands alone against the forces of evil. Perhaps you could strip to the waist . . ." The troubled Hayden returned to the



STERLING HAYDEN WITH CHILDREN
Life was hunky in the dory.

sea—loading his children aboard the schooner *Wanderer* and, in defiance of a court order, taking off with them for Tahiti.

What sets Hayden's story apart is his obvious, anguished integrity. He admits candidly that he was deathly afraid during much of the war. He wonders, with the insistence of a man probing a throbbing tooth, why he was always a loner, why his first two marriages failed, whether he had ever been anything but an actor: "Wasn't I a fo'c'sle dweller who was not a fo'c'sle dweller? A student who was not a student; a doryman unlike any other doryman? I am flawed inside and I know it. Could it be perhaps that this is a trick of fate to compensate for my being tall and strong and good-looking enough to intrigue every girl I meet?"

From Pooh to Salinger

Each year the kiddies, known in the publishing business as "the under sixes," have barrowfuls of fresh and forgettable picture epics to choose from. Average price: \$2.25; average reader interest: one perusal shortly after Christmas. Teen-agers, unless they have been permanently crippled by early years with Dick and Jane, can begin to forage

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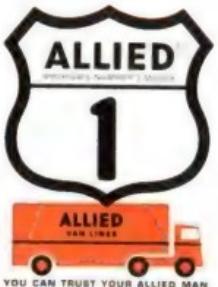
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for their literary fare check by jowl with their parents. But how does one bridge the gap between, say, Pooh and Salinger?

Hours of Osmosis. One ploy for hard-pressed parents at Christmastime is to buy manuals. Not the kind pasteurized for little minds by juvenile editors, but the real thing, bristling with figures, blueprints, diagrams and small type, on such topics as U.S. military planes, small-boat modeling, horsemanship, classic cars and medieval armor. Over such tomes a young reader is likely to brood for hours, days, even years, absorbing apparently by osmosis those massive supplies of totally useless facts that are the groundwork of all future intellectual curiosity. In days gone by *Jane's Fighting Ships* was the greatest example going. A new book out this year may also prove hard to beat. It is uncompromisingly entitled *German Aircraft of the First World War* (Putnam: \$14.95). Another candidate, less austere but likely to appeal to a broader range of readers is Eric Sloane's *ABC Book of Early Americana* (Doubleday: \$2.95). With detailed sketches depicting all manner of colonial artifacts from a niddy noddy (fancy thread winder) to a stone boat, it is done with an understanding—rare enough nowadays—that a book should be a thing to pore over, not to leaf through.

More difficult is the yearly search for new fiction fit to place on the juvenile bookshelf alongside the likes of Munro Leaf's *Ferdinand* and Grahame's *Wind in the Willows*. In recent years the only vaguely acceptable candidate was Norton Juster's *Phantom Tollbooth* (1961). But this year can boast one genuine small masterpiece. It is called *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase* (Doubleday: \$2.95). Written, as any child's book should be, with obvious fond delight by Poet Conrad Aiken's daughter Joan, the book tells about two very small girls in a very big English country house almost entirely surrounded by dangers.

Gothic Governess. "Snow lay piled on the dark road across Willoughby Wold," Miss Aiken begins. "But from dawn men had been clearing it with brooms and shovels. There were hundreds of them at work, wrapped in sacking because of the bitter cold and keeping together in groups for fear of the wolves, grown savage and reckless from hunger."

Besides those wolves, the book's two young heroines come with a complete set of Victorian manners: one of them almost starves to death in a train compartment because her Aunt Jane has told her never to eat in the presence of strangers. Recounting their gothic torments at the hands of a cruel governess called Miss Slighcarp and a harpy schoolmistress named Mrs. Brisket, the author sometimes pirouettes on the filigreed edge of outrageous literary parody without ever undermining the suspense of a story suitable for anyone



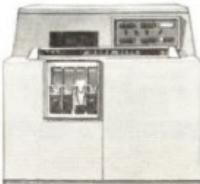
"WOLVES" JACKET
Or a manual with blueprints?

from seven to 70. *Wolves*, in fact, is almost a copybook lesson in those virtues that a classic children's book must possess; charm, a style of its own, the skill and authority to create a small world without writing down to small readers.

Not in a class with *Wolves* but nevertheless notable beyond customary levels of bland competence are two other volumes, one crazy, one compassionate.

Roosevelt Grady by Louisa R. Shotwell (World; \$2.95) is remarkable not merely because it is a good story that creates its own world—the life of a small Negro boy with his migrant crop-picking parents—but because it could so easily have been a tract on today's worthy Topic A. Grady is bright but is kept from progressing in school because the beans, or the strawberries, or whatever his parents are working on at the time always run out and the family has to climb into its ratty truck and move on. Time is measured not in months but in crops. Grady took sick in onions. His baby sister Princess Anne was born in tomatoes. Life has anguish, too, all the more effective because the author and the characters take it as much for granted as beans, onions and drawing breath. "You be the welfare lady," one girl says to another. "Pretend like to knock on the door. Then come in all snoopy and la-di-da and ask a lot of questions."

Lafcadio, The Lion Who Shot Back by Shel Silverstein (Harper & Row; \$2.95). Using the name Uncle Shelby and the title *Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book*, Silverstein last year produced a children's book of unparalleled vulgarity. And Lafcadio sometimes sounds like a bedtime story as it might be overheard at the Blue Angel. But children as well as adults are likely to find Silverstein's rueful lion drawings and shambling style hard to resist—especially in an age so clearly ripe for a parable about a big cat who learns to like elevator rides and toasted marshmallows only to find that sophistication has rendered him unfit for the jungle.



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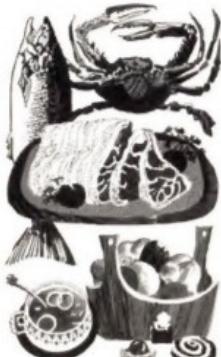
⁶⁶**The greatest foods on earth⁹⁹**

Pull up a chair, pardner—the banquet's on me, Rocky the Great Northern goat. And isn't that just about the taste-tempting menu you ever roamed an eye over?

Actually, though, it's just a small sampling from our food basket. Because Great Northern virtually moves "mountains" of edibles to market—some eight million tons a year. (It's our No. 1 job.)

You see, in the region we serve—the row of states forming the northwest top of the U. S.—farmers, ranchers and fishermen produce far more food than the area can consume. Which creates for Great Northern the job of bringing this appetizing abundance to the rest of the nation.

Take our menu here, for example. The onion soup,



vichyssoise and baked potato all originate from root crops grown in Washington's Columbia Basin and in the fertile Red River Valley between Minnesota and North Dakota. (Lots of sugar beets raised there, too, which accounts for a key ingredient in that after-dinner candy.)

The Dungeness crab is from Puget Sound; the salmon from the mighty Columbia River; and the beef, lamb and rolls from the great cattle and grain

MENU

French Onion Soup or Vichyssoise
Bisque of Dungeness Crab or Smoked Red Salmon

Entrees:

Ranch Sirloin of Beef
Brisket of Lamb
Roast Tom Turkey
Center Loin Pork Chop
Fresh Mountain Trout
Baked Potato

Corn on the Cob or Assorted Vegetables
Hearts of Lettuce or Tossed Garden Salad
Deep-dish Apple Pie or Cherries Jubilee

Cheddar Cheese Crock • Assorted Candies and Nuts
Hot Buttered Dinner Rolls

Milk

country extending from Minnesota to Washington and Oregon. Our thanks to Iowa for the corn on the cob. (The pork chops, too—along with Minnesota and the Dakotas.) And a salute to the swift streams of Washington, Idaho and Montana for our trout.

The turkey? That's from Minnesota, South Dakota and Iowa. And the rich Wisconsin-Minnesota dairylands supply the milk, butter, cheese.



The salads and vegetables hail from California, Oregon and Washington. And where but in Washington's famed Wenatchee Valley would you get apples for that deep-dish pie? (Oh, you chose the cherries jubilee? Then sometimes visit both Wenatchee and Montana's beautiful Flathead lake and orchard country.)

Where did we get the nuts? This may surprise you: the world's largest walnut and filbert groves happen to be in northwestern Oregon—real convenient to Portland. (Popularly known as the "City of Roses", so we can add a bouquet to the table!) Finally, may we suggest some

fine dinner wine . . . from the great vineyards of California.

A "Supermarket on wheels"

That's what Great Northern runs. And we're just as pernickety as your grocer in keeping these foods at their most flavorful best. That's why we haul them in modern, specialized carriers. Like 4,000 cu. ft. jumbo hopper cars for grain, flour, sugar and other dry commodities; mechanical refrigerator cars and trailers for meats, frozen foods, fruits, vegetables; special vacuum-sealed cars to protect things like candy and canned goods



against humidity, temperature extremes.

Now food is a fascinating, many-faced subject. So if your interest is only in the partaking—fine. We're happy to stock your pantry. (We'd be honored, too, to offer you our menu here aboard Great Northern's incomparable Empire Builder.)

But if you ship food products . . . or want information on crops, industrial sites or business opportunities in the great growing areas we serve . . . here are two people with some mighty palatable answers:

G. D. Johnson, General Freight Traffic Manager
E. N. Duncan, Director of Industrial and Agricultural Development

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A woman with dark hair styled up and wearing a light-colored t-shirt is smiling warmly at the camera. She is holding a large, faceted glass decanter of Old Forester Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. The bottle has a gold foil-wrapped cork and a circular label that reads "OLD FORESTER".

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this season give a tasteful decanter of famous
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"There is nothing better in the market."

Mellow, memorable Old Forester. Also
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